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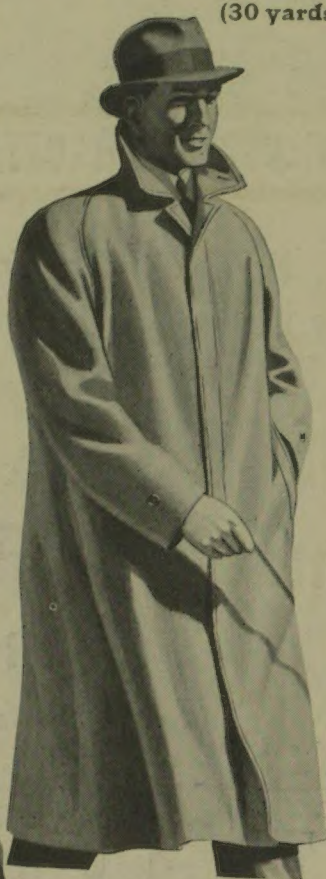
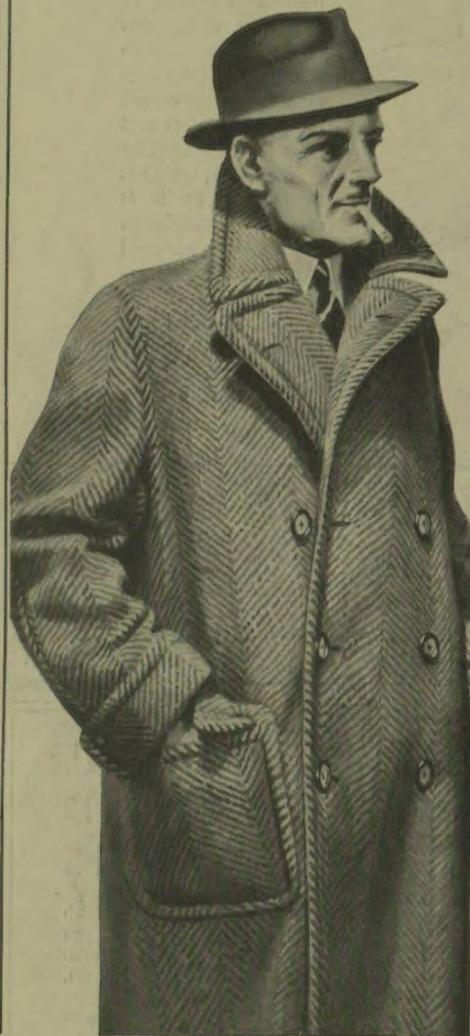
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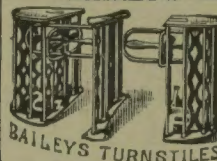
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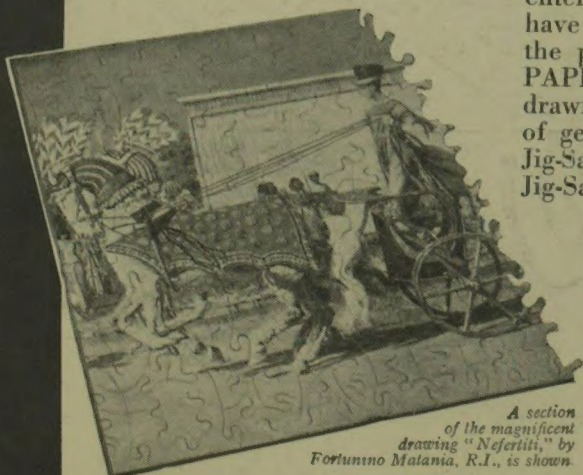
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A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown.

Here are a few of the subjects available—Price 5/- each (Postage Abroad 2/6 extra):—"A Present from Caesar," by Fortunino Matania, R.I.; "References," by Charles E. Brock; "The Apple of His Majesty's

Eye," by William van de Velde the Younger; "H.M. The King riding in Windsor Park with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose," Size 17 in. by 13 in. Price 6/6 (Post Free).

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1939.



THE "GRAF VON SPEE," A NAME ONCE MORE ASSOCIATED WITH A GREAT BRITISH NAVAL VICTORY: THE NAZI RAIDER WHICH WAS DRIVEN, BATTERED, INTO MONTEVIDEO BY THE SKILL AND DARING OF BRITISH CRUISERS.

The South Atlantic was an ill-omened place for a ship bearing the name "Graf von Spee" to operate in. In these waters, twenty-five years ago, the bearer of that name went to his doom, with the bulk of his fine squadron, in the Battle of the Falkland Islands. On December 13, the "Graf von Spee," the latest of Germany's much-vaunted pocket-battleships to be launched, fell in with three British cruisers, all smaller and much less heavily armed than herself, under the command of Commodore H. H. Harwood. In spite of their inferiority, they

relentlessly attacked the pocket-battleship, and with such skill that she ran for a neutral port. The rest of the story is too well known to need repetition here. As we write, it appears unlikely that the "Spee," which has been responsible for the sinking of some 50,000 tons of merchant shipping in the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, will fight again; or if she does, her career will be short. A portrait of Commodore Harwood, and illustrations dealing with the action, appear on succeeding pages. (A.P.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"I WOULD not have God mocked," Charles II. is once reported to have said to Titus Oates. It might almost seem as though attempts by warring man to keep the feast of Christmas this year were a kind of mocking of God. For who on this side of the Atlantic other than the burghers of a few small states like Holland and Belgium are entitled to celebrate the feast of peace this December? At the time of writing there are three major and separate wars going on on this small planet, and the making of armaments has become the chief creative activity of man. By the time of publication there may be more: if the western hemisphere ran true to the form of the eastern, one might expect to hear that the United States, provoked beyond endurance by the brutal threats and bullying evasions of the rulers of Ecuador, was pouring bombs on the capital of that republic in defence of her vital and imperilled interests. With some 1350 millions of earth's 1900 millions at war with one another, there seems little scope or reason for mankind to honour the feast of the "meek-eyed Peace."

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high
up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng,
And Kings sat still with awful eye
As if they surely knew their sovran
Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth
began.

The nineteen hundred and thirty-ninth anniversary of the event does not exactly suggest that humanity has progressed very much as a result of Christ's teaching.

Or so one might hold were it not for the fact that Christ himself never apparently expected it to progress this side of Judgment Day. The beauty and the indestructibility of the Christian religion lie alike in the fact that it was designed not for saints, which men and women most decidedly are not, but for sinners which they so palpably are. Somewhere in his writings Mr. G. K. Chesterton pointed out that the rock on which Christ founded his Church was nothing less enduring than the frailty of mankind. It was St. Peter, it will be remembered, who, loving his Master, denied Him and, perjured, heard the cock crow thrice. The universal and eternal appeal of Christianity largely derives from its profound and divine understanding of human nature. It sets aspiring man the highest and hardest of tasks: it knows that imperfect man will fail to fulfil them. The virtue of Christianity springs from his trying to do so. It is that attempt which constitutes the spiritual exercise of a good man, and, so far as he attempts it, of a bad man, too.

In our Father's house, there are many mansions. Even, perhaps, for war-mongers and aggressors if they earnestly repent them of their sins. Or so, at least, Christ taught. And we who are not by preference war-mongers and aggressors, and were only indirect and unwilling parties to a conflict forced upon us by others, need not feel that our participation

in the holocaust of human destruction and sacrifice now in progress shuts us out from the feast of Christmas. True, a nation holding as great and powerful a place in the world as Great Britain cannot

wash her hands of all responsibility for the mistakes and omissions that have brought mankind back to the shambles for a second time in twenty-one years. But we can claim that, when the tragedy grew imminent, we spared no effort to avert it. Doubtless if we could have the last twenty-one years over again, we could do a great deal better. That we know. So when we sit down to our modest plum-pudding and voluntarily rationed brandy sauce, we had best therefore do so with befitting humility. Yet we may sit down to the great Feast none the less, and for one night at least, to the best of our imperfect human endeavour as Christ bade us, in love and charity with all men.

In some lesser ways it is perhaps even harder to think of Christmas in the dark than Christmas set against the shocking spectacle of modern war. To most of us Christmas means essentially light in darkness. It means to the modern townsman brilliantly lighted shop-windows, blazing electric signs, warmth and artificially bottled light spilling on to the shining wet pavements. To the mediaeval peasant it meant in a different milieu the same thing: the sombre damp darkness of the sodden fields pierced by the ray of light from the uncurtained cottage window, the blaze of logs on the open grate in the great hall and the doors flung open welcomingly to all groping creatures in the dark night. It broke the winter in two halves as the Red Sea breaks the Arabian desert. It divided its darkness with light. So it appeared to a child born in a more fortunate world than that which he now inhabits. My earliest recollections of Christmas were of a fire in the nursery grate whose romantic flames long before it was light outlined the unfamiliar silhouette of the bulging stocking at the end of my bed: Santa Claus, salamander-like ancient, had recently braved those flames to enrich an undeserving little boy. And later, when dawn had come and the rifled wealth been gathered up from the hastily vacated bed on that morning of successive, hallowed, tremulous excitements, it was candles, candles all the way: candles under the gilded arch in church, candles on the snowy cake at tea and candles on the unwonted table at late, grown-up dinner, to glorify the turkey and the holly-crowned pudding. And a bright brazier burning on the pavement at the old crossing-sweeper's pitch at the end of the road. But somehow I always felt sorry for the old crossing-sweeper. Though I dare say he was very happy. For it is not only the well-to-do who enjoy Christmas: that is the magic and the humanity of it, and the saving mercy that redeems the feasting and the junketing and the counting of presents.

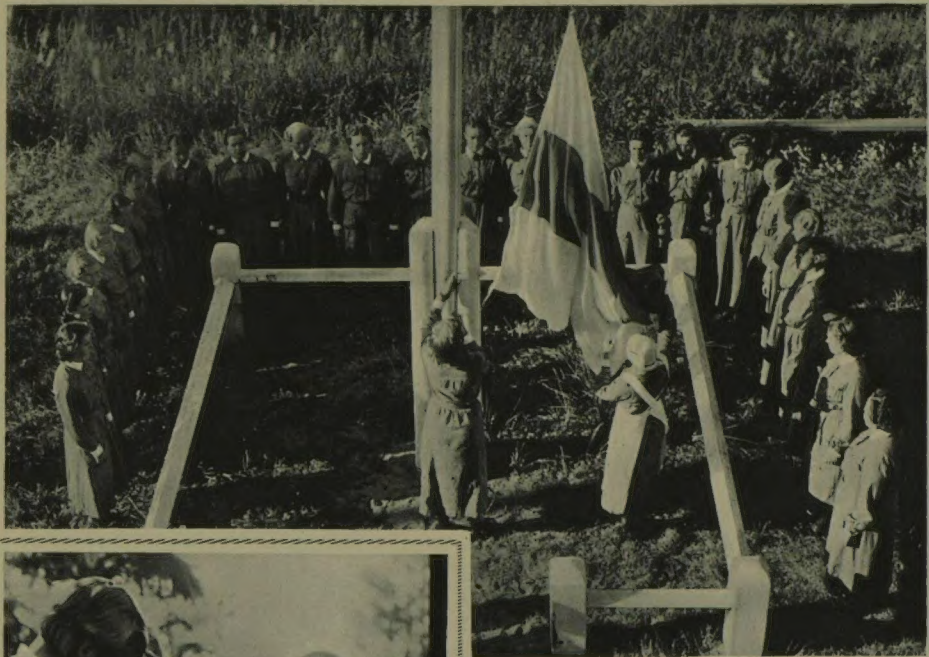
Christmas in darkness! It sounds depressing, but we can console ourselves by remembering that we are keeping it like the first. "It was the winter wild. . . ." And the rude manger, I think, was in darkness, save for a dim lantern in the corner and the gleaming eyes of the expelled, watching beasts at the stable door. The whole world was at peace under the heavy silver yoke of Rome. And the light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.



THE BRITISH COMMANDER WHO CORNERED THE "ADMIRAL GRAF VON SPEE": COMMODORE H. H. HARWOOD, LEADER OF THE CRUISER SQUADRON THAT DEFEATED HER; CREATED A K.C.B. FOR THIS EXPLOIT.

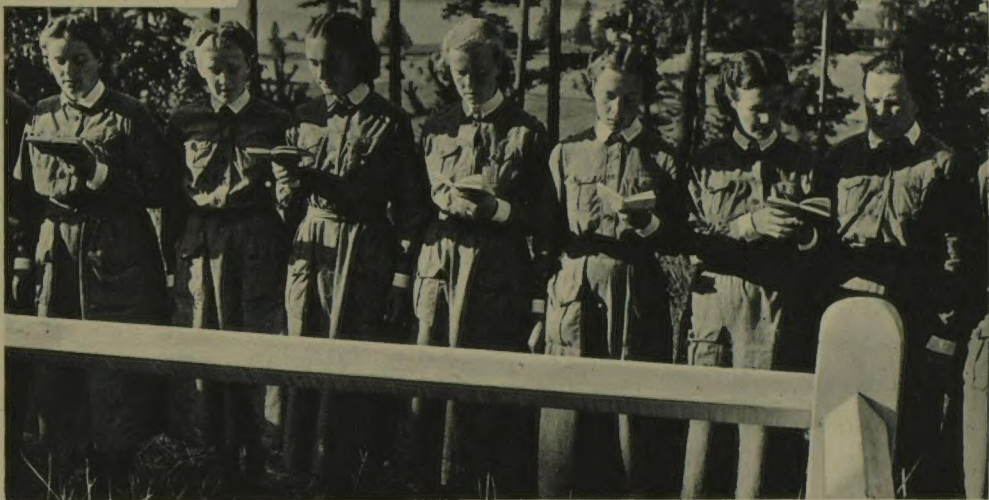
Commodore H. H. Harwood commanded the British squadron of three ships which caught the "Graf von Spee" and hammered her until she had to run into the neutral port of Montevideo. The cruisers were all inferior to the "pocket-battleship" in everything except speed, but by skilful manoeuvring and, perhaps, smoke-screens, they neutralised her superiority and reduced her to a sorry condition. In fact, the action bears every sign of being a masterpiece of tactical skill and daring, worthy of comparison with the classic episodes of our naval history, when tenacity and good gunnery decided the day. It is stated that Commodore Harwood, who was appointed to the "Exeter" as Commodore commanding the South American Division in September, 1936, hoisted the signal "England expects. . ." at the beginning of the action. Previously, Commodore Harwood was for two years on the staff of the R.N. War College. He was created a K.C.B. and promoted Rear-Admiral for the action with the "Graf von Spee."

THE VALIANT WOMANHOOD OF FINLAND: MEMBERS OF THE LOTTA SVÄRD IN TRAINING.



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AS FINLAND'S BLUE CROSS FLAG IS HOISTED: MEMBERS OF THE LOTTA SVÄRD DRAWN UP ROUND THE FLAGSTAFF UNDER THE OPEN SKY.



AMID THE PEACEFUL SURROUNDINGS OF LAKE KYRÖSJÄRVI: GIRLS OF THE LOTTA SVÄRD SINGING NATIONAL SONGS.



CONNECTED BY FIELD TELEPHONE WITH THE LOCAL ARMY HEADQUARTERS: A LOTTA A.R.P. TEAM, WITH A CIVIC GUARD, TRAINING ON ONE OF THE 160-FT.-HIGH WATCH TOWERS BUILT ON STRATEGIC POINTS THROUGHOUT FINLAND.



WHERE INSTRUCTION IS BOTH PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL (AS THE BLACKBOARD SHOWS): SEAMSTRESS LOTTAS MAKING AND MENDING SOLDIERS' AND THEIR OWN UNIFORMS.



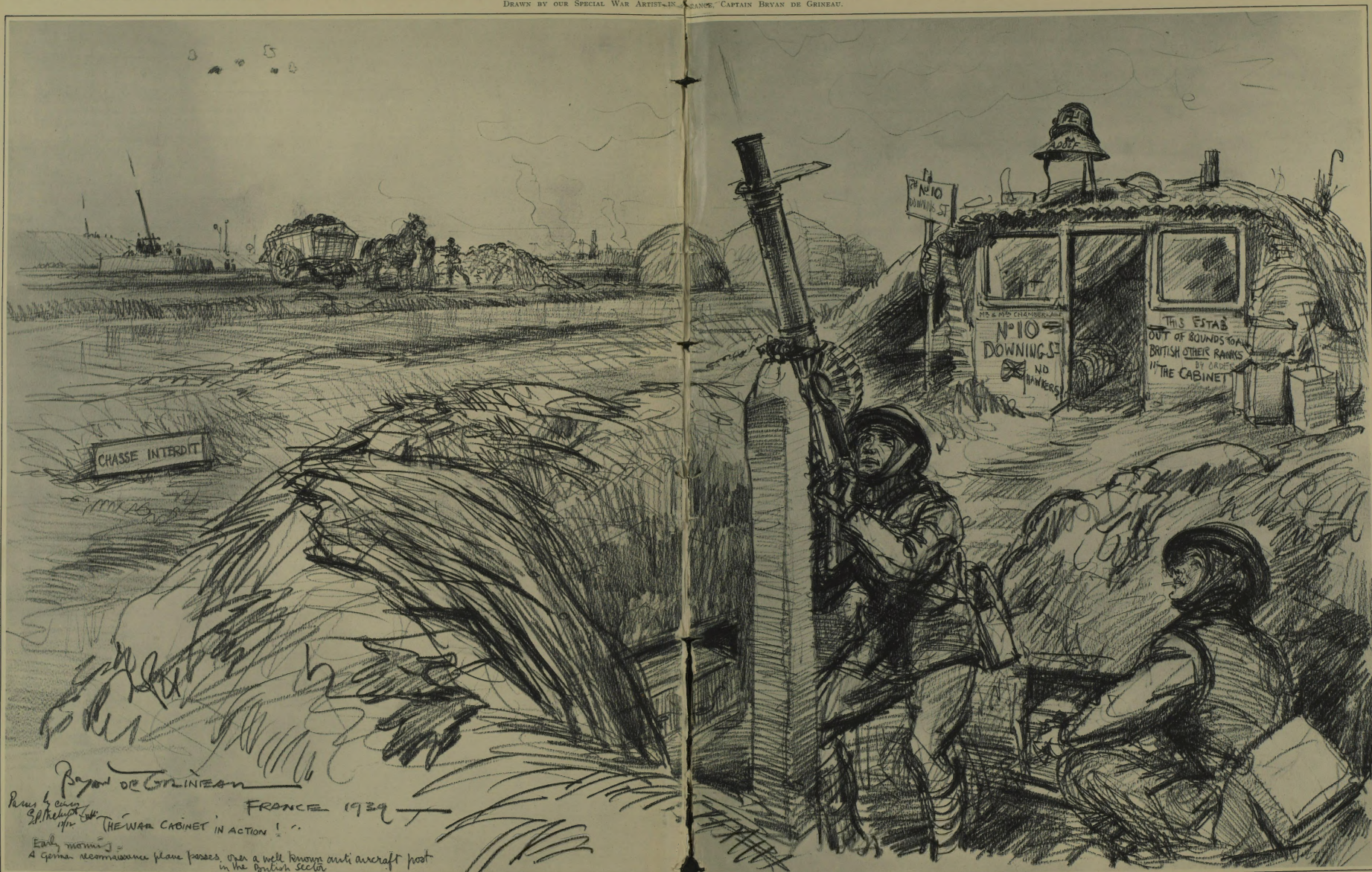
AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD LOTTA ADJUSTING HER UNIFORM WHILE UNDERGOING TRAINING AS A TELEPHONIST IN THE CAMP AT HÄMEENKYRÖ. IN NORMAL TIMES SHE IS A SHOP ASSISTANT.

Finland's peril in face of Russian aggression has brought the Lotta Svärd organisation of Finnish women sudden fame. The original Lotta was a canteen worker with the Finnish army of patriots in the Russo-Swedish war of 1808 who devoted herself to caring for the soldiers. She is celebrated in a well-known poem by Runeberg, the Finnish national poet. The present organisation, which is rendering sterling service to Finland in her hour of need, was founded in 1921

and has a membership of eighty thousand. The members, who vary in age from seventeen to sixty, receive training at annual camps as kitchen, telephone, A.R.P., and seamstress Lottas, and also as nurses and as stenographers and typists for clerical duties—much on the lines of our own A.T.S. The photographs reproduced above were taken at the Hämeenkyrö training centre, not far from the industrial town of Tampere. (Pictorial Press.)

"THE WAR CABINET IN ACTION": THE GARRISON OF A BRITISH POST MAN THEIR GUN—SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST—IN FRANCE, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANE PASSING OVER A WELL-KNOWN ANTI-AIRCRAFT POST IN THE BRITISH SECTOR WAR ARTIST OF A SHELTER, MADE FROM AN OLD TAXI, AND COVERED WITH FACETIOUS INSCRIPTIONS,

Captain de Grineau has given this drawing the title "The War Cabinet Goes Into Action," and he sends us the following description: "This shelter by the side of an anti-aircraft machine-gun post is well known to the troops, and distinguished visitors, including the King, the War Minister, and the Air

Minister, have all stopped to examine it. It is ingeniously constructed out of an old derelict taxi-cab and corrugated iron, and camouflaged with grass so that it is perfectly invisible from above. The cab's cushions inside make it as comfortable a shelter as the wartime Tommy can desire. In the field opposite

has been given full rein over the shelter, which is covered with notices. What looks like an old chimney-cowl on the roof is inscribed "Adolf"; on the right an old umbrella is stuck into the roof. This allusion needs no explanation. The French notice on the left is also, perhaps, apposite.

a woman and a *polu* are filling a cart with sugar-beet and holding the horse. "which is nervous in the centre of machine-gun and anti-aircraft fire. It is a fine bright winter morning and a couple of prowling German 'planes are making a quick dash over the forward areas." The soldiers' decorative sense

has been given full rein over the shelter, which is covered with notices. What looks like an old chimney-cowl on the roof is inscribed "Adolf"; on the right an old umbrella is stuck into the roof. This allusion needs no explanation. The French notice on the left is also, perhaps, apposite.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN A HISTORIC BORDER STRONGHOLD ROSSALL FINDS A WARTIME HOME AT NAWORTH CASTLE.



ROSSALL SCHOOL IN ITS WARTIME SURROUNDINGS—THE BOYS PASSING UNDER THE MAIN ARCHWAY OF NAWORTH CASTLE, THE SEAT OF LORD CARLISLE.



RUGBY PRACTICE IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS. PREPARATIONS HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE TO LAY DOWN TURF FOR THE CRICKET PITCHES.



FORMERLY LADY CARLISLE'S BEDROOM; NOW A BOYS' DORMITORY. LORD CARLISLE, THE OWNER OF THE CASTLE, IS ON ACTIVE SERVICE. LADY CARLISLE IS AT PRESENT DOING WAR WORK.



A HOUSEMASTER'S ROOM AT NAWORTH CASTLE—SHOWING MR. OLIVER, OF MITRE HOUSE, WORKING ON CORRECTIONS. EACH HOUSEMASTER HAS HIS ROOM NEXT TO HIS DORMITORIES.



AFTER LUNCHING IN THEIR NEW DINING-ROOM: ROSSALL BOYS (NOW ENJOYING THEIR "CHRISTMAS HOLS.") DESCENDING THE STEPS LEADING FROM THE BANQUETING-HALL.



AFTER SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE EARLY ROMANESQUE CHURCH OF LANERCOST PRIORY, FOUNDED IN 1170 AS A HOME FOR AUGUSTINIAN CANONS. THIS IS NOW USED AS THE SCHOOL CHAPEL. THE GREAT INCREASE IN THE CONGREGATION HAS NECESSITATED THE BRINGING OF CHAIRS FROM ROSSALL CHAPEL.

WITH these photographs of Rossall School—the boys, of course, now having gone home for the Christmas holidays—removed, as a wartime necessity, further north from its Lancashire home at Fleetwood to worth Castle, the seat of Lord Carlisle, we illustrate yet another well-known school in novel wartime surroundings. In previous issues (December 2, November 18 and November 4 respectively) we have illustrated Harrogate College, the girls' school, installed at Shinton Castle; St. Paul's, at Easthampstead Park; and Malvern College at

Continued below.

ROSSALL AT LUNCH: THE BANQUETING-HALL RETAINING ITS HERALDIC FIGURES AND TAPESTRIES; THE TAPESTRY AT THE END, OF A ROMAN TRIUMPH, BEING MADE IN PARIS FOR HENRY OF NAVARRE'S MARRIAGE TO MARGARET DE VALOIS.



Continued.
Blenheim Castle. At Naworth Castle—originally, a border fortress, built in the fourteenth century—all the normal school activities, such as games, carpentry, music, "F.T." and, of course, classes, are carried out. But for the requisite adaptations the school has already spent over £2000 on extra baths, boilers and other such necessities, while contracts have been placed for the erection of huts, turf for cricket pitches,

and additional fire precautions. The cost of those useful undertakings is, however, being claimed from the Government, since Rossall itself was commandeered by the authorities. The normal strength of the school is some 240 boys, and the castle's huge banquetting-hall serves as dining-room to all the boys at the castle. This hall still retains its old tapestries, pictures, heraldic figures and armour—some

of which are visible in our photograph. The drawing-room, music-room, library, oak parlour and some upstairs living-rooms are used as class-rooms; while Carlisle Grammar School and Brampton Secondary School have put their laboratories at the school's disposition for science classes. The picture-gallery, billiards-room, and various living- and bedrooms serve as dormitories. The house system has been retained, each

housemaster having his room next to his dormitories. A whole suite has been set aside as a sanatorium. Sunday service is attended at Lanercost Priory, a Romanesque church founded in 1170 as a home for Augustinian canons. Chairs from Rossall Chapel have been transported to the North Aisle where the school sits. Rossall junior school has moved to Kickington Hall, a few miles distant. (Fos.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

WHAT is

known as the literature of escape originally owed its name, I believe, to stories of actual escapes—from prison camps and so on—made during the last war; and in the same category, of course, could be included all the remarkable escapes in history. Moreover, every holiday jaunt, every week-end trip, is an escape from drudgery or routine, and still more so, naturally, are journeys farther afield to distant parts of the world. Consequently every work of travel might be classed as "escapist," from the adventures of Marco Polo to the late Mr. Bradshaw's railway time-table! The metaphorical sense in which the word has come to be used of late years is still wider in scope. Indeed, it might be said that every book of any sort whatever becomes an "escapist" book if it releases the reader's mind from the bondage of worry or boredom.

While most books produce this effect unintentionally, some modern authors make it a definite purpose. An outstanding example is "ESCAPE WITH MR. SITWELL: AN ORIENTAL SKETCH-BOOK." By Mr. Sitwell. With 16 Illustrations (London; 12s. 6d.). It is always best to let an author speak for himself regarding the aim and object of his work. Here then (in part) is what Mr. Sitwell has to say: "The book which you now open, Gentle Reader, is, above all, in the phraseology of the day, *escapist*—or so, at least, I hope and trust, being pre-First-World-War in nature and by my age, presumably of disposition, and so a citizen of a mean city. I journeyed to China, for example, very largely to escape from Europe. . . . I did not go there to observe the form taken by the Social Struggle . . . nor out of pure love of wandering, nor, alas! in response to a request from my publishers to write a strong left-wing book about that country. . . . The volume that has resulted, therefore, is intended for amusement, for a record and description . . . proudly free of any political aim. . . . It is in the main concerned with China and Indo-China, and the journey thither: but I shall again essay to use the travel-book as a vehicle of a special kind, giving, in addition to the pages concerned with his present voyage, something of the passing thoughts and reflections, as well as memories, of the traveller."

Putting these principles into practice, Mr. Sitwell has blended travel with reminiscence in a delightfully humorous and discursive vein, with a lightness of touch attained by few writers of his calibre in literary or artistic erudition. His book is an ideal companion in escapade, with beguiling entertainment for blacked-out nights of Stygian gloom. He has also great descriptive power, shown, for example, in picturing the great monuments of Cambodian architecture.

In Mr. Sitwell's impressions of China, again, he relies on personal observation. "It is of Peking," he says, "that I shall attempt to write, not of China, except in so far as Peking represents China. I shall, too, continue to call it Peking, and neither Peking nor the modern Peiping, for it is as Peking that I have always thought of it since I first read its magic name in childhood upon the programme of a pantomime. . . . The Forbidden City must be more familiar to me than to most Europeans, since, until a comparatively short time ago, only an ambassador could enter it, and even he was supposed to spend most of his time in kowtowing and prostrating himself before the Emperor, rather than in observing the things around him. Whereas, during the four months in which I lived in this city, I think no single day passed except I wandered at least once in some part of the Palace, sometimes for hours, and I have seen it in winter and summer, under rain and sun and snow."

Mr. Sitwell's discursiveness can be typified by such incidental passages as a personal glimpse of George Moore; an imaginary scene of Shakespeare describing the ingredients of the witches' cauldron (recalling a similar vision of the Bard at work, evoked by Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his Breakfast Table books), and the puzzled disappointment of a Chinese watching a cricket match at the Oval, where he had expected to see a British counterpart of his national hobby of keeping crickets in cages. Although, as noted above, the author avoids politics, he tells what he saw and heard of the Japanese in China. "Even when I was in Peking," he writes, "a year or two before the unprovoked Japanese assault on China, the Japanese were already entrenched there . . . but by the Chinese they were treated as a secret, as something it was scarcely decent to see or mention; much as, in Wells' 'Time

Machine,' the underground cannibal workers, who eat them, are treated by the aristocrats living on the surface."

If some readers should think that China, with Japanese militarism rampant, is hardly the most soothing goal of "escape," even from present-day Europe, they will understand Mr. Sitwell's choice on learning that his journey thither was "a way of celebrating my fortieth birthday." That anniversary occurred in 1932, during which year, presumably, the travels here recorded took place. Among certain "plain, wicked prejudices" to which he pleads guilty appears to be a dislike of diphthongs, causing him to spell "aesthetic" as "esthetic" and "estival" as "estival," which at first glance I took to be a misprint for "festival."

the evils, what were the remedies? A lot more fun, obviously, to begin with. Life was altogether too drab, too serious a matter at present. People in England had, it seemed to me, too many worries and responsibilities, some real and some imagined. Nearly all these were rooted in money: most families had not enough; a few had too much; all had made it their god and were serving it too well. . . . More congenial jobs must be found to banish drudgery, one of the major causes of war and unhappiness. . . . The country was over-populated generally; London, in particular, had too much unwanted talent. I thought of the Empire's colonies and their vast, empty spaces, of their—on the whole—equable climes. What was wrong with emigration?"

Turning now from the Far to the Near East, at the other end of Asia, I would commend to all lovers of humour what is probably the most amusing book that ever emanated from an official source, namely, "THE BACK GARDEN OF ALLAH." By Major C. S. Jarvis, C.M.G. Illustrated by Roly (Murray; 7s. 6d.). I say "an official source," but it should be added that Major Jarvis may have been "from official trammels free" at the time when he wrote it, for his term of office as Governor of Sinai, which lasted thirteen years, expired in 1936. To those acquainted with his more serious works concerning that part of the world, it will come as no surprise to discover the delicious vein of comedy that permeates this latest product of his satirical pen. As indicated in its title, which happily parodies a well-known novel by Robert Hichens, Major Jarvis hits off in a whimsical but kindly spirit, which can give no offence to anyone, the foibles and idiosyncrasies of Arabs and Egyptians, besides those of certain Europeans who are sometimes a thorn in the flesh to Colonial administrators. The author is especially sarcastic about those "travelmongers" who see something sinister in the mildest and most inoffensive of natives, and in particular about the females of the species, ambitious to be the "First White Woman" to have done this or that.

One of the funniest and certainly the most topical of the author's chapters is that entitled "Christmas Revels," describing how an ebony-faced sergeant-major, by misguided zeal, ruined a promising scheme for entertaining a high official, with his wife and family, during the Christmas holiday. The general attitude of the Sudanese natives towards the Christmas festival is expressed as follows: "The Ingleez, God defend them, are always mad, but on this special day of theirs this madness passes belief. I myself have seen *Bashawat* (Pashas), *Zubat kobar* (senior officers), and even *Lordan* (Lords) dancing in little but leopard-skins gathered from the floor and singing a song they always sing when they have drunk *shampani*. It is about an Ingleez of old times who was a great prophet and a man of god called Jon Beel. When you hear the Ingleez singing of Jon Beel you may know that they are *sakrau* (drunk) or nearly so. But after all much may be forgiven them, for as regards *Eids* (festivals) their religion is decidedly *maskeen* (poor). We Muslimin have festivals of great number and a fat sheep at all of them, but the Ingleez have but one, this *Kissmuss* and their feast is but a pudding of surprising foulness that they spoil further by conflagration. A great people of great deeds, but in some ways with the minds of little children, therefore be forbearing with them."

Several more books of oriental interest must be reserved for a future occasion. Three belong to the realm of travel. North Borneo is the scene of "LAND BELOW THE WIND," By Agnes Keith. Illustrated by the author (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.). The locality is self-evident in "CANOE TO MANDALAY," By Major R. Raven-Hart. With 31 Illustrations and Map of Route (Muller; 10s. 6d.). A German explorer engaged in magnetic and geophysical research, who acknowledges British help both in London and India, records his latest expedition in "A SCIENTIST IN TARTARY": From the Hoang-ho to the Indus. By Wilhelm Filchner. Translated by E. O. Lorimer. With 83 Illustrations and a Map (Faber; 21s.). Two other books are concerned with war and politics in the Far East, namely, "CHINA FIGHTS FOR THE WORLD," By J. Gunnar Andersson. With 20 Illustrations and a Map (Kegan Paul; 12s. 6d.); and "MENACING SUN," By Mona Gardner. With 22 Illustrations and Map (Murray; 15s.). The menacing Sun is Japan.



WHEN A U-BOAT IS SUNK: BOATS FROM BRITISH WARSHIPS BUSY RESCUING SURVIVORS, WITH SOME MEN STILL IN THE WATER ON THE RIGHT. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM A DESTROYER STANDING BY. (A.P.)



THE ROYAL NAVY OBSERVES THE TRADITIONAL CHIVALRY OF THE SEA, IN CONTRAST TO THE INHUMAN AND PIRATICAL NAZI U-BOAT WARFARE: RESCUED GERMAN SUBMARINE SURVIVORS ENTERTAIN THEMSELVES WITH AN ACCORDION IN THE DESTROYER WHICH RESCUED THEM. (A.P.)

Reversing Mr. Sitwell's procedure by escaping, not to but from China, and from "the most boring profession in the world" (that of a chartered accountant), a younger Briton with a strong sense of humour and a turn for racy narrative recounts his adventures in "A MAN IN THE EAST": A Journey Through French Indo-China. By Max Relton. With 15 Illustrations (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.). Part I, entitled "The Back Door to China," includes visits to Hanoi, Yunnanfu, and Saigon; Part II describes an amateur big-game hunt in Southern Annam; and Part III brings the author home to England via Saigon and Singapore.

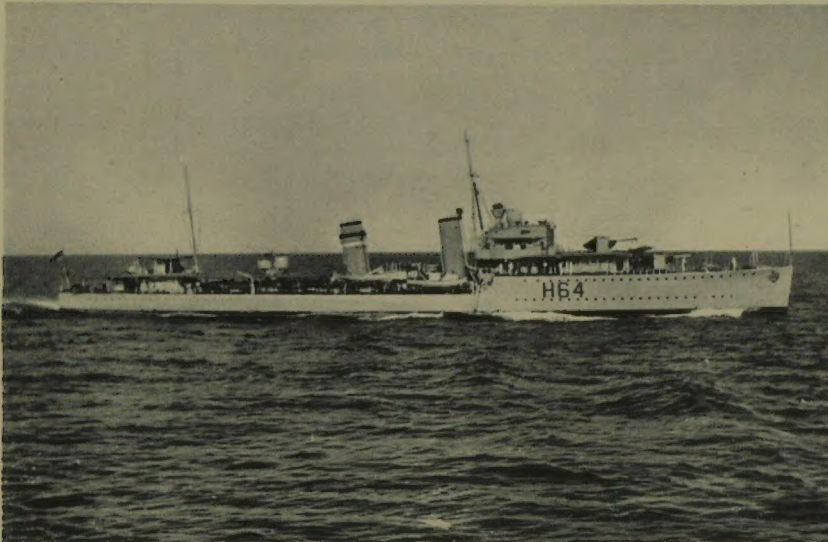
In this last section of his book Mr. Relton draws an interesting comparison between the life (especially middle-class life) of Europeans in the Far East and here in England. As to character, he favours the home-grown article, but in view of the social and economic conditions, he wonders there are not more candidates for escape. Discussing finally our comparative disadvantages, he writes: "Given

WAR NEWS: ANOTHER NAVAL TRIUMPH; THE P.M. IN FRANCE; AT GENEVA.

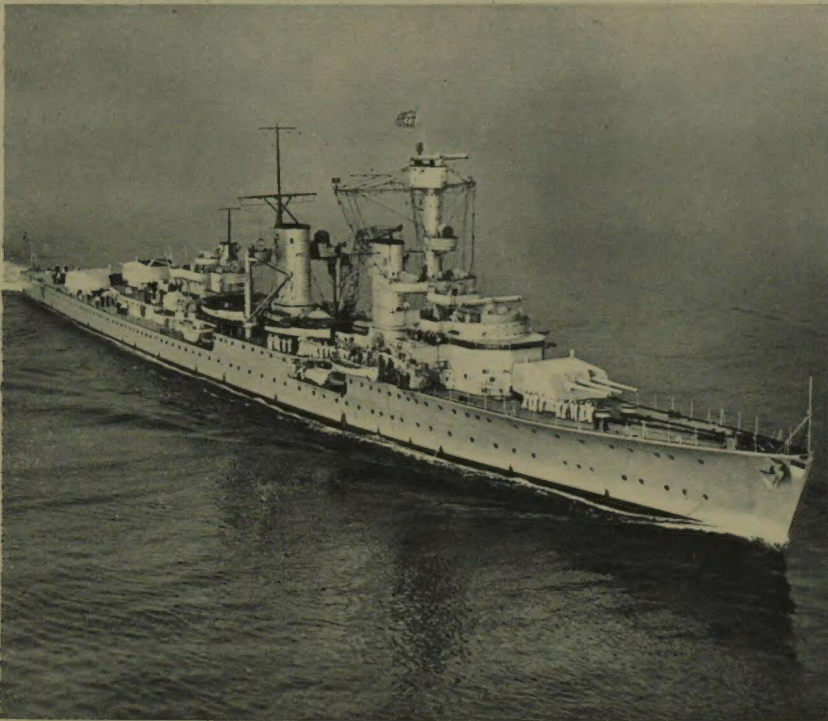


MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON ARRIVAL AT THE AIRPORT FOR HIS VISIT TO THE FRONT: THE PREMIER'S INTRODUCTION TO FRENCH STAFF OFFICERS.

We show here Captain the Earl of Munster, who was attached to the King during the latter's visit, introducing Mr. Chamberlain on his arrival on December 15 for his short visit to the B.E.F. and R.A.F.—which followed closely on that of the King. From the R.A.F. he received an interesting souvenir—a cartridge-case from the first German plane brought down in France. The Premier surprised everyone at the Front by his energy. (P.N.A.)



THE BRITISH DESTROYER LOST WITH HEAVY CASUALTIES AFTER A COLLISION WITH ANOTHER OF H.M. SHIPS: THE "DUCHESS" (1375 TONS), OF THE "DEFENDER" CLASS. On December 15 the Admiralty announced the loss of the destroyer "Duchess" (1375 tons), sunk in collision with another of H.M. ships, which was undamaged. The "Duchess's" normal complement was 145, and of this, over one-sixth was killed. The "Duchess" belonged to the "Defender" class, and was completed in 1933. Her speed was 36 knots. Last May she freed the P. and O. liner "Ranpura," stopped by a Japanese cruiser outside Hong Kong. (Central Press.)



A BRILLIANT FEAT BY A BRITISH SUBMARINE: (RIGHT) THE "URSULA" (540 TONS) WHICH PENETRATED THE HELIGOLAND BIGHT TO SINK A CRUISER OF THE "KÖLN" CLASS (6000 TONS); AND (LEFT) THE "KÖLN."

On December 14 the British submarine "Ursula" (540 tons) sank a cruiser of the "Köln" class in the mouth of the Elbe. This daring feat, involving the penetration of German naval defences right into the Heligoland Bight, may fairly be compared with that of the U-boat which sank the "Royal Oak" at Scapa Flow. The German cruiser, moreover, was screened by six destroyers. The "Ursula," a small "coastal" submarine of only 540 tons, was completed in 1938 at a cost of



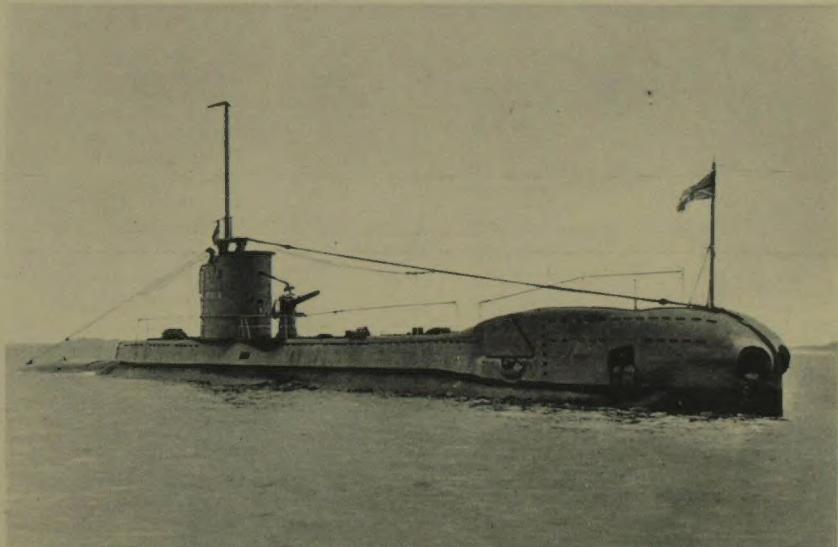
STUDYING THE THEATRE OF AERIAL WARFARE AT THE WESTERN FRONT: AIR VICE-MARSHAL PLAYFAIR, AIR OFFICER COMMANDING AT THE R.A.F. H.Q.

R.A.F. activity, though recently somewhat overshadowed by the magnificent feats of the Royal Navy—the defeat of the "Graf Spee," the sinking of German cruisers of the "Leipzig" and "Köln" class by British submarines—continues apace. New aircraft, even more formidable than those already in use, are shortly to be sent to the Western Front. (British Official Photograph.)



STATING FINLAND'S CASE AGAINST THE U.S.S.R.—THE LATTER BEING EXPELLED FROM THE LEAGUE ON DECEMBER 14: M. HOLSTI ADDRESSING THE LEAGUE ASSEMBLY.

On December 14 the League of Nations took an action unparalleled in political history: the expulsion of the U.S.S.R., one of the three permanent members of the Council. Our picture shows M. Holsti, the Finnish delegate, addressing the League on December 11. His speech was described by the Moscow radio as "full of hate and calumny against the Soviet Union." M. Holsti's speech contained many extracts from former speeches made by the Soviet upholding collective security. (Wide World.)



just over £200,000. The "Ursula" has six 21-in. torpedo-tubes, and a speed of about 11 knots. Her normal complement is twenty-seven. The "Köln" class of three cruisers (6000 tons), the "Königsberg," the "Karlsruhe" and the "Köln," were completed in 1929-30. Miniature pocket-battleships, their armament includes nine 5.9-in. guns, which have a range of 20,000 yards and can fire six salvos a minute. Their Diesel engines give a speed of 32 knots. (Central Press.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE CHRISTMAS CAKE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH the fog of war envelops us this Christmas, we shall, I hope, succeed in evading its gloom, though, naturally, we shall have no heart for the glowing enthusiasm which belongs of right to this great and time-honoured feast. But feasting, at least on a small scale, there must be. Partly for our children's sake, where they are still living in the kindly shelter of the nursery, and partly for our own, lest gloom and depression should overtake us and sap the energies of which we are so much in need. It shall be the children's feast. Let us talk, then—and taste—with what zest we can of Christmas cakes, with sugar-icing, "sugar-plums" and candies, sustaining ourselves, as entertainers, with the prospect of the nuts and wine which, at the end of the chastened Christmas feast, we shall permit ourselves to partake of. We used to be told, in those delightful nursery-days, that little girls were made of "sugar and spice, and all that's nice." But how many of us, having attained to "years of discretion," know how we come by our sugars, or anything of the different kinds of sugar?

Let us begin with the white cubes we find in the sugar-basin on the breakfast-table, not yet, thanks be, "officially" rationed. These white cubes, with their glistening crystals, have been wrested with much labour and elaborate machinery from the sugar-cane, though for long centuries machinery such as we use to-day did not exist. This reed-like plant, with a stem from 6 ft. to 12 ft. high, very dense and unbranched, but showing a number of rings, or "joints," the whole way up, and with leaves 3 ft. or 4 ft. long and 2 in. broad, was, according to tradition, a native of India. It may be so, but there are no wild sugar-canes growing in the world to-day except, apparently, in the East Indies. From thence it was, we may assume, taken to North America, where it is grown commercially on a large scale.

Under ordinary conditions of cultivation, it seems, it does not bear seed, but is propagated by cuttings. In Louisiana the planting of cuttings begins in October. But twenty to twenty-four months must elapse before the first crop can be taken. In

parts of South Africa, however, a crop can be gathered only once in two years, and this from two-year-old plants. The canes, when cut, are quickly transported to the mills, where the straw-coloured liquid they



FIG. 1. "I OFTEN WONDER WHAT THE VINTNERS BUY, ONE HALF SO PRECIOUS AS THE GOODS THEY SELL": THE GRAPE—WHOSE PRAISES WERE SO GLORIOUSLY SUNG BY OMAR KHAYYAM—FROM WHICH "GRAPE-SUGAR," OR GLUCOSE, IS DISTILLED, AS WELL AS WINE AND THE BRANDY WHICH PROVIDES THE FLAME-HALO AROUND THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Photograph by Harold Bastin.

contain, enmeshed in dense pith, is pressed out by rollers. But in a very short time—half an hour in some cases—this precious liquid decomposes, so it has to be clarified at once. The thin, clarified juice is evaporated to the consistency of a syrup. Then, by a process of concentration and crystallisation, the sugar-crystals are deposited and separated from the remaining "molasses," or treacle. By a further process of refinement the final separation of pure, clarified crystals and "golden syrup" treacle is obtained. Hence the sugar for our tea-cups, castor sugar for sweetening our gooseberry-tart, icing-sugar for the Christmas cake, and so on; while most of us, even though "grown up," by no means despise "golden syrup." But I believe that ordinary dark treacle is very palatable.

The substance known as saccharose is also obtained from the sugar-cane, but mostly, I believe, from the sugar-beet. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that the sugar formed by beetroot, carrots, and other roots was proved to be "cane sugar." The first beet-sugar factory was established at Cunern, in Silesia, in 1801. But the first attempt to grow the sugar-beet in England was made in 1868, in Suffolk. To-day large quantities are grown there. Its importance we owe to the foresight and experiments of those two great agriculturists Gilbert and Lawes, who showed that sugar-beets could be grown in England, Scotland and Ireland, in suitable places, as rich in sugar as those of the Continent. The secret of its cultivation, it would seem, has not so much to do with climate as with the use of seed derived from a pedigree stock rich in sugar and suited to the particular soil required by different strains. That soil must be deep and of good quality and generously manured, and there must be frequent hoeing. Hence its cultivation is not to be undertaken lightly. Rich land commands a high rent, and the expense of the labour entailed in the production of this crop is heavy. Finally, the roots, when dug, prove very perishable, hence no time must be lost in getting them to the factory for conversion into sugar.

This most important and valuable crop is obtained from the beet known to the botanist as *Beta vulgaris* (Fig. 3), a hardy biennial, with a long, conical root, white, rose or grey in colour. An average root may weigh as much as 21 lb. without the leaves. By careful cultivation, the content of the root for sugar production has been increased in the last fifty years

from 10 to 18 per cent. The roots, when dug, are washed and dried and cut into slices of irregular shape, to prevent them from clinging together too closely during the process of extraction. The turbid liquid resulting is run off, and the exhausted slices are either used as food for the cattle or as manure. As cattle-food, some believe that it causes deterioration of the milk. The filtered juice is then subjected to further complicated treatment, ending in a concentration producing, as in cane-sugar, a syrup which, by further refining, produces the sugar ready for consumption as "lump sugar."

We really owe the beet-sugar industry to Napoleon, who in 1809 forbade the importation of West Indian sugar into France. This turned the attention of the food chemists to the previous discovery in Germany, in 1747, of the rich store of sugar in beetroot. But nothing came of it until Napoleon's edict recalled this discovery. An Imperial sugar-factory was then established at Rambouillet, and in three or four years the manufacture of beet-sugar was a thriving industry!

Yet another form of sugar is that obtained from the sugar-maple (*Acer saccharum*). In Canada and the United States maple-sugar is largely used by the household of the farmer, by collecting the sap of the tree. This is done by making a notch in the trunk of the tree 3 ft. from the ground, and in the season 4 lb. of sugar may be obtained from each tree, 4 to 6 gallons of sap yielding 1 lb. of sugar.

What is known as grape-sugar, or glucose (see Fig. 1), is of a very different nature. But to this we owe the glass of wine which will form a delicious item in the menu of our Christmas dinner. How our wine comes into being I hope to describe in the near future, and at the same time say something of some other more or less "grateful and comforting" beverages, such as beer, whisky, brandy, and the rum which furnishes the welcome "rum ration" served out in the Navy and Army during these terrible days. But glucose is an important item of our food. It is used in beer-making as a sweetening agent, and in jam-making. It is not as sweet as cane-sugar, but is cheaper. Its use, however, is of importance, as it is said to prevent the later crystallisation and subsequent deterioration of the finished preserve.



FIG. 2. THE REED-LIKE PLANT—ACCORDING TO TRADITION A NATIVE OF INDIA—FROM WHICH OUR WHITE SUGAR CUBES, WITH THEIR GLISTENING CRYSTALS, ARE WRESTED WITH SO MUCH LABOUR: A SECTION OF A SUGAR-CANE (CENTRE), THE GROWING PLANT (LEFT), AND THE "FLOWER-HEAD" (RIGHT), WHICH ALSO FURNISHES THE WELCOME ARMY AND NAVY "RUM RATION."

The cut surface of the cane appears solid. But on inspection a closely-packed series of tiny holes is seen, which contain the sap to be converted into sugar.

Photograph by J. A. Crabbe.



FIG. 3. A SUGAR-PRODUCING ROOT WHOSE PRESENT IMPORTANCE DERIVES FROM THE EXPERIMENTS OF THE AGRICULTURISTS GILBERT AND LAWES, WHO SHOWED THAT SUGAR-BEETS COULD BE GROWN IN BRITAIN AS RICH IN SUGAR AS THOSE OF THE CONTINENT: THE SUGAR-BEET, NOW CULTIVATED IN SUFFOLK AND OTHER PARTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES ON AN EXTENSIVE SCALE. We really owe the beet-sugar industry to Napoleon, who in 1809 forbade the importation of West Indian sugar into France. The sugar, when its conversion from the root is completed, is indistinguishable from that of the sugar-cane. A large root will weigh as much as 21 lb.

Photograph by Harold Bastin.

THE TOWER WHENCE THE "GRAF SPEE'S" 11-IN. GUNS WERE AIMED.



THE "GRAF SPEE'S" CONTROL TOWER, WHERE HITS BY BRITISH CRUISERS PROBABLY INTERFERED WITH HER "SPOTTING";
DIFFERING FROM THE HEAVY FOREMAST OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

The "Graf Spee's" tower, like that of the "Scheer," differs from the "Deutschland's" in actually incorporating the main fire-control and the

navigation bridge; these being grouped around the tubular steel foremast in the "Deutschland." The control tower was hit by British shells.



HOW THE "GRAF SPEE'S" GUNS WERE MANNED AND FIRED: GERMAN TRAINING THAT PROVED INFERIOR TO BRITISH.



THE RADIO ROOM IN THE "GRAF SPEE," WHICH, LIKE ALL THE POCKET-BATTLESHIPS, WAS MOST ELABORATELY EQUIPPED. ON THE LEFT IS REPRODUCED A MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA; WITH AN INSET SHOWING WHERE THE "GRAF SPEE" SANK.

WHATEVER may be their feelings about U-boat commanders and their methods, British Navy men fully recognise the courage, and above all, the efficiency, of their German opponents; or, as a British naval officer more pungently expressed it in a broadcast to Germany after the fight with the "Graf Spee": "In the Royal Navy we have a high opinion of the German Navy and I can assure you it gives us no pleasure to see its good name dragged through ridicule and mire by the land rats of the Nazi propaganda service." Observers have suggested, however, that the German Navy has recently been expanded at such a rate by the Nazis that the training of the men has suffered. Many observers at Montevideo were struck by the youthfulness of most of the "Graf Spee's" crew. In the Royal Navy there is a saying that it takes five years to make an A.B. Lack of fully trained men has been advanced as an explanation of the failure of the "Graf Spee" to make better use of her great superiority in metal, in the gunnery duel with the British cruisers which ended her career. The pocket-battleships are most elaborately equipped, and it is believed that a reason why the "Graf Spee" was scuttled was to prevent secret apparatus from being divulged.



THE "GRAF SPEE'S" BIG GUNS, WHICH FAILED TO GIVE HER A DECISIVE ADVANTAGE OVER THE BRITISH CRUISERS IN SPITE OF THEIR LARGE CALIBRE: FIRING A BROADSIDE FROM ONE TRIPLE 11-IN. TURRET.



LOADING A 5.9 ABOARD THE "GRAF SPEE"; WHOSE SECONDARY ARMAMENT OF EIGHT OF THESE GUNS WAS ALMOST THE EQUIVALENT OF THAT OF ONE OF THE SMALL BRITISH CRUISERS—ON PAPER.

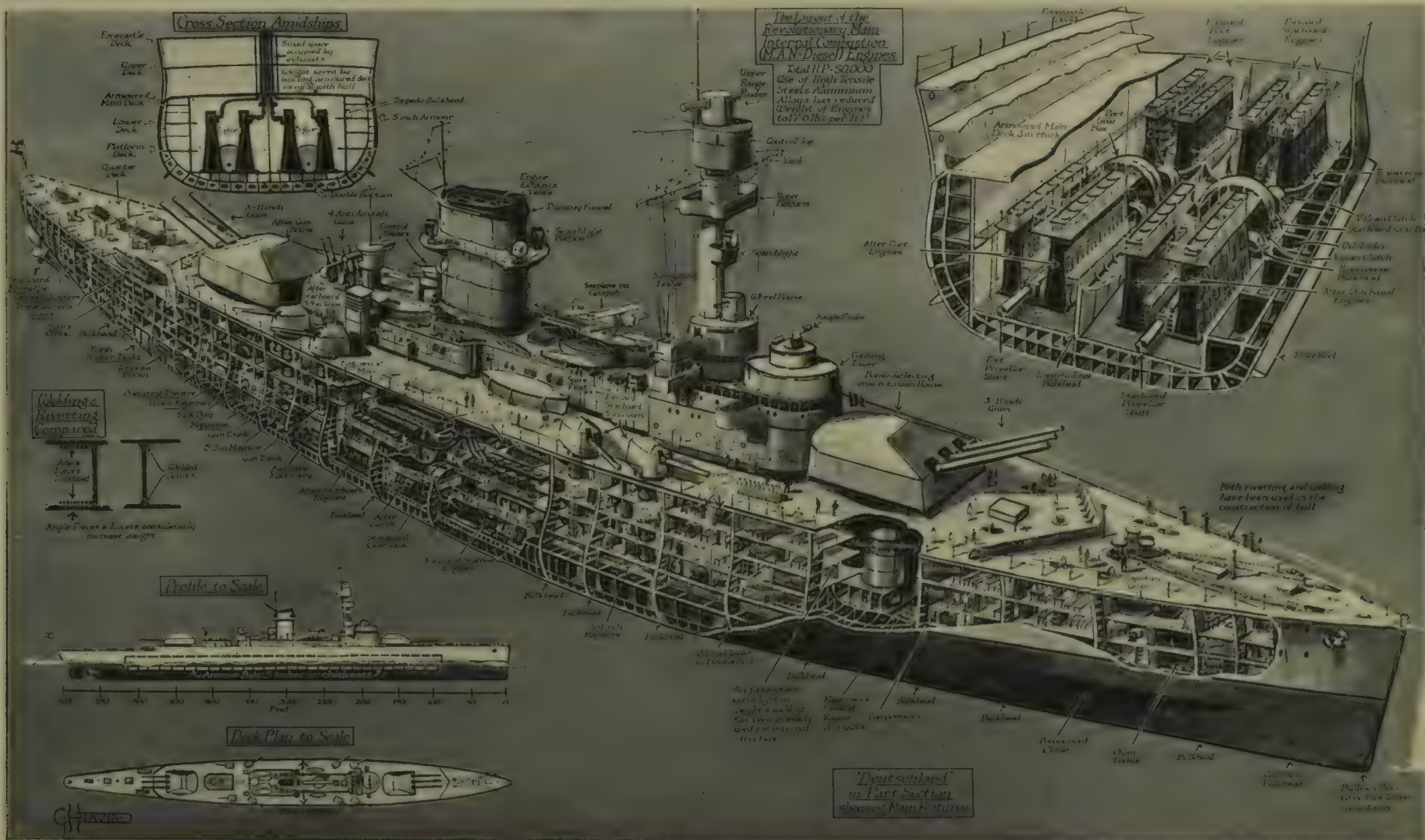


"FIRE!"—THE COMMAND RELAYED FROM A CENTRAL CONTROL STATION TO THE GUN-TURRETS. THE "GRAF SPEE'S" FIRE-CONTROL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY INTERFERED WITH BY BRITISH GUNFIRE.

THE NOW DISCREDITED POCKET-BATTLESHIP: ITS DESIGN AND APPEARANCE.



AS SHE APPEARED BEFORE HER DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF THE THREE BRITISH CRUISERS WHICH, WITH MUCH LIGHTER GUN-POWER, OUTMANOEUVRED AND OUT-SHOT HER: THE "GRAF SPEE," THE FIRST OF GERMANY'S THREE 10,000-TON POCKET-BATTLESHIPS TO GO TO THE BOTTOM. (Wright and Logan.)



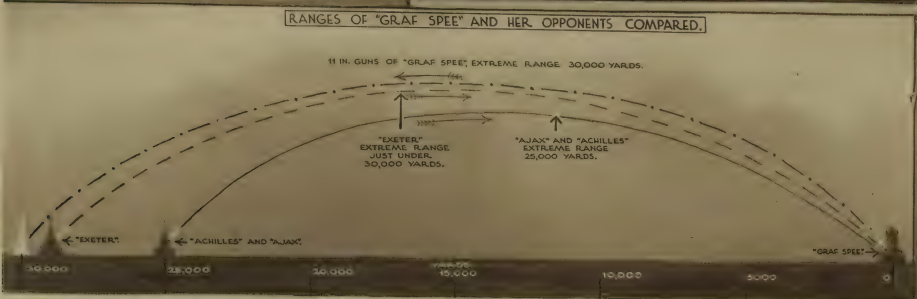
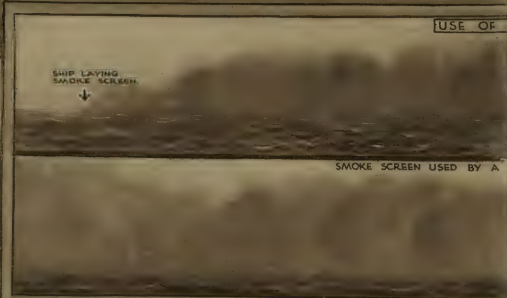
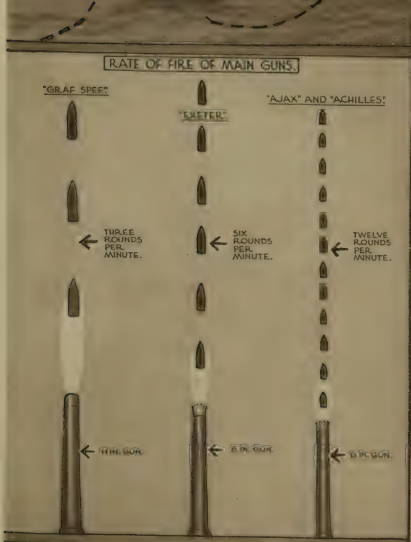
THE INGENIOUS DESIGN OF A GERMAN POCKET-BATTLESHIP: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND," WHICH IS BASICALLY SIMILAR TO HER SISTER-SHIPS; AND (INSET; RIGHT) THE DIESEL ENGINES WHOSE EXCESSIVE VIBRATIONS MAY HAVE PARTIALLY ACCOUNTED FOR THE "GRAF SPEE'S" POOR SHOOTING.

Elsewhere in this issue we illustrate the defeat of the "Graf Spee" by the "Exeter," "Ajax" and "Achilles." On these pages we show further photographs of the "Graf Spee" and a diagrammatic drawing of the "Deutschland," the first of Germany's pocket-battleships to be launched. The "Deutschland," whose most recent exploit (as we write) was the sinking of the "Rawalpindi" on November 23, was completed in 1933, having taken just over three years. The three pocket-battleships (the "Admiral Scheer" was completed in 1934, and the "Graf Spee" in 1936) cost £3,750,000 apiece: about twice as much as a British 10,000-ton cruiser. In general design the three ships closely resemble one another. They are the first ships of such

size to have electrically welded hulls and to be propelled by Diesel engines—thus, it is said, effecting a saving of 550 tons. The horse-power developed by the eight sets of M.A.N. Diesels employed is some 54,000, giving a speed of 26 knots. Reports that this high speed, produced by Diesels, resulted in a vibration so severe as interfere with accurate shooting, would certainly seem to be borne out by the fact that the "Graf Spee's" 11-in. guns were unable to disable the British ships before the latter drew near enough to bring their own much lighter guns to bear. The "Graf Spee" had 11-in. Krupp guns of a new type, firing a 670-lb. projectile with an elevation of 60 degrees. (Drawing by G. H. Davis.)

THE FIGHT WITH THE "GRAF SPEE": FACTORS IN A CLASSIC

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



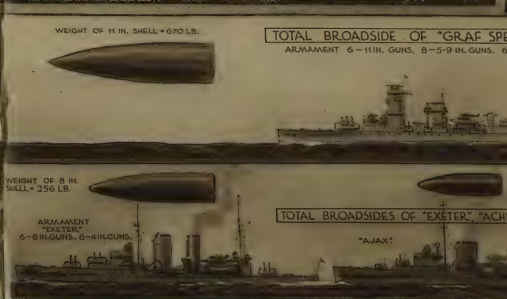
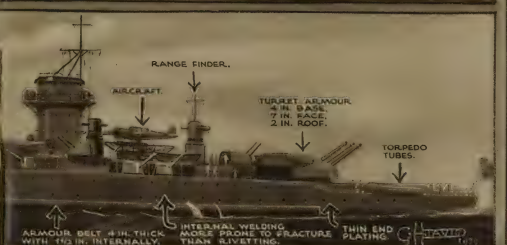
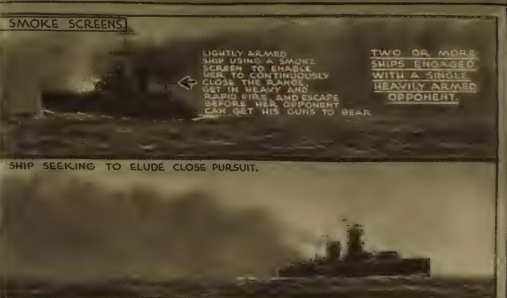
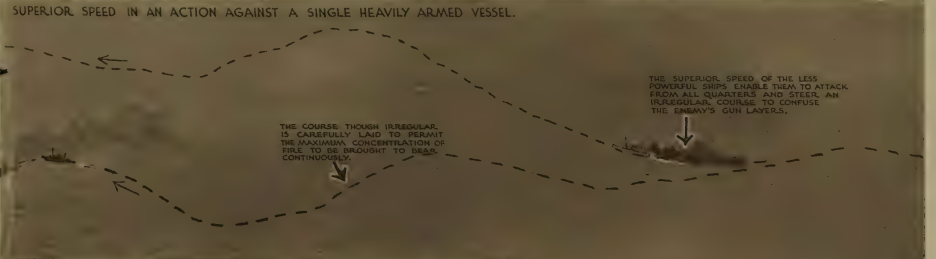
ELEMENTS OF NAVAL TACTICS THAT PLAYED A PART IN THE DEFEAT OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE," BY THREE BRITISH CRUISERS—TWO OF THEM SMALL: MANOEUVRES EMPLOYED BY LIGHT VESSELS IN OUT-FIGHTING A SUPERIOR ONE; THE COMBATANTS; AND OTHER FACTORS IN THE ACTION PICTORIALLY EXPLAINED.

The action between the three British cruisers and the "Graf Spee" bids fair to become one of the most famous in history, and take its place as a classic example of the handling of cruisers. Its dramatic appeal lies in the re-emergence of the human factor as supreme in an age of mechanisation. Seamanship, courage and presence of mind, tactical skill, good staff work, high training, ingenuity and resourcefulness all played their part, as they so frequently did in isolated frigate actions in the old wars of the early

nineteenth century and before. At the same time, we must not allow ourselves to forget the part played by our shipbuilders and marine engineers, and the technicians who enabled the ships to establish their supremacy. As we write, many details of the action still remain obscure; but the drawings on this double-page illustrate factors in sea warfare that played their part in the fighting, and will enable readers, who are still eagerly snapping up every fresh fact as it is published, to put themselves in the places of the

EXAMPLE OF NAVAL BATTLE-TACTICS PICTORIALLY EXPLAINED.

ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



ELEMENTS OF NAVAL TACTICS THAT PLAYED A PART IN THE DEFEAT OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE," BY THREE BRITISH CRUISERS—TWO OF THEM SMALL: MANOEUVRES EMPLOYED BY LIGHT VESSELS IN OUT-FIGHTING A SUPERIOR ONE; THE COMBATANTS; AND OTHER FACTORS IN THE ACTION PICTORIALLY EXPLAINED.

commanders. There is no doubt that smoke-screens figured largely in the action; as regards the skilful utilisation of them by the two small British ships to close the range, we have the statement of Captain Langsdorff of the "Graf Spee" himself, quoted upon pages 932-933. Another factor which appears to have been important was the rate of fire of the 6-in. guns of the small cruisers. This, no doubt, enabled them to rain shells in short bursts upon the "Graf Spee" and then turn and elude her slower salvos, before they

were "straddled." The fact that the "Graf Spee" is not heavily armoured meant that a hit by even a 6-in. shell was likely to do severe damage. An interesting feature of the action mentioned in some reports was the clever use made of the fading light towards the end of the day by one British cruiser, which got under the shadow of the land, to the westward, and thus presented a poor target to the "Graf Spee's" spotters, while the pocket-battleship herself was still clearly outlined against the light-filled sky.

"THE GRANDSONS OF NELSON": SHIPS AND MEN, BY THEIR INCREDIBLE AUDACITY, DEFEATED THE "GRAF SPEE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.

WRIGHT AND LOGAN, TOPICAL.



DAMAGED, BUT NOT DISABLED: THE BRITISH CRUISER "EXETER" (8390 TONS), ARMED WITH 8-IN. AND 4-IN. (A-A) GUNS.



ONE OF THE TWO LIGHT-CRUISERS, WHICH "FOUGHT LIKE TERRIERS": H.M.S. "ACHILLES" (7030 TONS).



CAPTAIN H. L. WOODHOUSE, COMMANDING H.M.S. "AJAX."



CAPTAIN W. E. PARRY, COMMANDING H.M.S. "ACHILLES."

ON December 13 three British cruisers, H.M.S. "Exeter," "Achilles," and "Ajax," met the powerful 10,000-ton German battleship and commerce-raider, "Admiral Graf Spee," and drove her, in a severely damaged condition, into Montevideo harbour, outside of which she scuttled herself on December 17 rather than face certain destruction at sea. The engagement was described in America as "a decisive battle of the war, triumphantly vindicating Britain's command of the sea"; in Turkey as an exploit worthy of "Nelson's grandsons"; and in Italy as "a clear victory for Britain." One of the best accounts of this great battle came from the commander of the defeated vessel himself, Captain Langsdorff, who gave unstinted praise to the "incredible audacity" of the attacking cruisers, which did not hesitate to close with the "Graf Spee" and smother her with shells from a distance of no more than a mile. The captain told the port authorities at Montevideo that he saw the cruiser "Exeter" about 6 a.m. on December 13 in the distance, off the Brazilian coast. As he was short of fuel he attempted to slip away to the south. Suddenly, however, there appeared in his way the "Ajax" and the "Achilles," which, being faster than the "Admiral Graf Spee," manoeuvred so as to force the enemy battleship between them and the Uruguayan coast, thus placing him "between the devil and the deep blue sea." Thereupon he opened fire on the "Exeter" with his 11-in. guns, and she replied with her 8-in. guns. "Ajax" and "Achilles" were still too far away to get into action with their 6-in. guns, and before they could get up he had severely damaged the "Exeter." When the other cruisers did get within range of him, however, they inflicted "enormous damage," he said, holding the bow of the "Graf Spee" and battering the control tower. "They aimed effectively," Captain Langsdorff drily observed; "taking an extraordinary risk, the 'Ajax' and 'Achilles' crossed through a smoke screen which one of them had laid and got within a mile of the 'Admiral Graf Spee,' scoring effective hits on both sides of the ship."



H.M.S. "AJAX," THE FLAGSHIP OF COMMODORE HARWOOD, WHOSE CRUISERS, ALTHOUGH OUTGUNNED,



BY THEIR "INCREDIBLE AUDACITY," HOLED THE "GRAF SPEE" AND DROVE HER INTO MONTEVIDEO.

(Continued opposite.)

MEN WHO FOUGHT THE "GRAF SPEE": LIFE ABOARD THE "AJAX."



NEPTUNE COMES ABOARD H.M.S. "AJAX," COMMODORE HARWOOD'S FLAGSHIP. THIS GROUP, TAKEN WHILE "CROSSING THE LINE" IN PEACETIME, INCLUDES MANY OFFICERS WHO FOUGHT IN THE ACTION.



OFFICERS PLAYING DECK HOCKEY IN THE "AJAX." MANY OF THOSE SEEN HERE ABSORBED IN THE GAME WERE STILL IN THE SHIP AND ACQUITTED THEMSELVES MOST GALLANTLY IN THE FIGHT WITH THE "GRAF SPEE."



HOISTING A SEAPLANE ABOARD THE "AJAX." ACCORDING TO SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE BATTLE A MACHINE FROM ONE OF THE CRUISERS MACHINE-GUNNED THE "GRAF SPEE'S" DECKS DURING THE ACTION.



THE "AJAX'S" SEAPLANE IN FLIGHT. THE AIRCRAFT CARRIED BY BRITISH CRUISERS GIVE THEM AN ENORMOUS ADVANTAGE OVER THEIR PREDECESSORS OF 1914-18 IN HUNTING DOWN COMMERCE-RAIDERS.



NEPTUNE COMES ABOARD THE "AJAX" DURING THE TRADITIONAL "CROSSING THE LINE" CEREMONY. THE SEA-GOD'S PRESENCE IN A BRITISH WARSHIP, EVEN IN FUN, HAS AN APPEALING SYMBOLISM.



CAPTAIN WOODHOUSE GOES UNDER: THE MAN WHO COMMANDED THE FLAGSHIP IN THE ACTION WITH THE "GRAF SPEE" GETS A PLAYFUL DUCKING DURING THE "CROSSING THE LINE" CELEBRATIONS.

Men of the "Exeter," the "Achilles," and the "Ajax" which was the flagship of the little squadron which defeated the "Graf Spee," laid down their lives to purchase this splendid victory, upholding nobly the tradition of the Navy, which believes that complete annihilation of the enemy is worth any and every sacrifice. They did not die in vain, for the "Graf Spee" scuttled herself rather than face British guns again. Yet, considering the disparity in gun-power of the ships, the British casualty

lists were low, almost incredibly low. In theory, just one well-placed salvo from the Germans' 11-in guns was needed to put each of the cruisers out of action in turn, and sink her with the loss of every soul on board; but in actual fact, although the "Exeter" was somewhat severely handled, the little "Ajax" and "Achilles" escaped with but four men killed in one and seven in the other—in spite of the great daring of their attacks. The photographs reproduced on these pages were taken recently.

(Continued opposite.)

BIG QUARRY—LITTLE HUNTER: THE "GRAF SPEE'S" END; THE "AJAX'S" GUNS.



THE "GRAF SPEE" GOES TO HER IGNOMINIOUS END: A PHOTOGRAPH WIRELESSED FROM SOUTH AMERICA, SHOWING HER LEAVING MONTEVIDEO HARBOUR TO SCUTTLE HERSELF RATHER THAN FACE BRITISH GUNS AGAIN. (Keystone.)



THE GUNS OF THE "AJAX": A PAIR OF THE TWIN 6-INCH WEAPONS WHOSE ACCURACY AND TERRIFIC RATE OF FIRE ENABLED THE CRUISER TO SMOTHER THE "GRAF SPEE" WITH REPEATED SHORT BURSTS OF SHELLING, WITHOUT BEING SERIOUSLY DAMAGED HERSELF.

Continued.

and many of the officers seen in them actually fought in the action. It is pleasant to recall, when looking over them, that, according to the latest reports available, no officers were either killed or wounded in the "Ajax." Captain C. H. L. Woodhouse, who commanded this cruiser (while Commodore Harwood controlled the whole squadron), was created a Companion of the Bath, as were the captains of the other vessels, Captain Parry of the "Achilles," and Captain

Bell of the "Exeter." A portrait of Captain Woodhouse, who is seen at a somewhat informal moment in one of the photographs reproduced here, appears on page 932. In the last war, as a Lieutenant in the cruiser "Bristol," Captain Woodhouse fought in the action off the Falkland Islands which led to the destruction of the German squadron commanded by Admiral Graf Spee, after whom the pocket-battleship was named.

IN a commentary on the war which is to be read at Christmas it is permissible to turn aside and deal with the only pleasant feature of warfare—its good-fellowship. My peg is the welcome news that the Second Australian Imperial Force is about to sail for Europe. Naturally, the time of its sailing will not be announced, but we are told that its coming is not to be long delayed. As all the world knows, Australia is going to devote a large share of her energy, her resources and her man-power to the air arm in this war, and we shall meet a greater number of her splendid pilots and observers than last time. But she is to be represented also by ground troops, and the "diggers" are to be seen again on the battlefields of France. Once again those bored-looking men will prop themselves against trees, houses, the paradises of trenches and any other handy support. They will thrust their hands deep into their pockets and assume that slight sneer at all things in general which disappears so swiftly when they become interested, when their quick-thinking intelligence flashes out as though a light within had been flicked on. Whatever be the conditions of the war when they reach the scene of action, they will prove themselves as good soldiers as were their fathers. But if those conditions should be the same as at present on the Western Front, then they will be more than ever in their element. A "No Man's Land" of two miles or more in breadth would suit them particularly well, and I fancy that the Germans whose task it was to patrol that section of the front would speedily find their spirit of adventure blunted. The Australian is the ideal natural infantryman for modern warfare, by reason of his eye for country, his sense of direction—in which the city-bred men do not seem much behind their brothers from the back-blocks—his resource and habit of thinking for himself, his initiative and his grit. In the early spring of 1918 I came down from Flanders to act as *liaison* officer and to live at the headquarters of the left French division, in front of Amiens. The Australian Corps then held the right of the British line, its right flank resting at Villers-Bretonneux, a village captured by the Germans in the last wave of their offensive a few weeks before and recaptured by a brilliant Australian counter-attack. The little town lay nine miles east of Amiens, on the western edge of a ridge between the Luce and the Somme, and its retention appeared to be almost vital for the defence of the city. Amiens was then virtually evacuated, and was frequently under the fire of long-range guns; but though the great military railway station of Longueau, on the side nearest the enemy, could not be used, the city was still a highly important junction.

I arrived at the headquarters of the French 37th Division, having spent the night at the corps headquarters at Dury, feeling somewhat bewildered and woefully short of French small-talk. The staff worked and ate in two big camouflaged huts standing in a chalk quarry, but slept in saps tunnelled into the chalk, as the Germans were carrying out a certain amount of night-bombing. After a few nights of the atmosphere of the sap I removed myself unobtrusively to a solitary two-roomed cottage on the other side of the road and on the edge of the then deserted railway to Paris. Every time since the war that I have found myself leaving Amiens for Paris I have stopped at the window to catch a glimpse of my happiest billet between 1914 and 1918. While our headquarters were in the valley of the Avre, the right Australian divisions were tucked away in the valley of the Somme in a coomb beside the village of Glisy, a mile and a half to north of us. Every day I went to call on the Australians, whether or not there was anything of importance to discuss, because it is the essence of a

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: THE SECOND A.I.F.

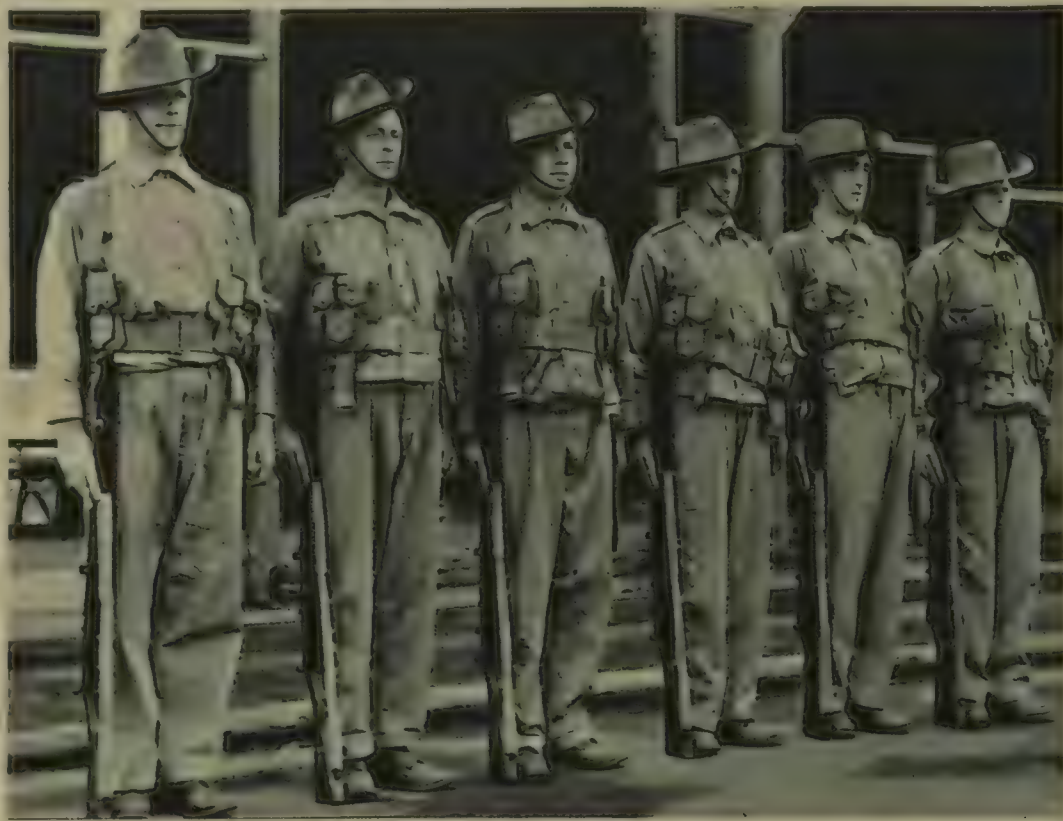
By CYRIL FALLS.

liaison officer's duty to see that the formations between which he provides a link are kept in touch in thought as well as in action, in little affairs as well as in big. There were other visits to be made: to Australian Corps headquarters in their fine château at Bertangles, to Australian and French brigade headquarters. Sometimes I went back to the seats of the mighty, to Sir Henry Rawlinson's Fourth Army headquarters at Flixecourt or General Débeney's First Army headquarters at Conty. But several times



AUSTRALIA PREPARES TO THROW THE WEIGHT OF HER MAN-POWER INTO THE STRUGGLE AGAINST NAZI-ISM: VETERANS OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE, WHO SAW SERVICE ON MANY FIELDS, IN KHAKI ONCE AGAIN.

This group of fine types of Australian manhood includes representatives of every arm, and men who have seen service in Gallipoli and Palestine and numerous battlefields in France. At the end of last month Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, announced that the Special Division (known as the second A.I.F.) would proceed overseas in 1940 and after further training enter the theatre of war. At the same time he mentioned that a substantial part of Australia's share in the Empire air training scheme would be completely carried out in Australia. Subsequent to Mr. Menzies' statement, it was announced that an Australian Squadron for active service with the Coastal Command of the R.A.F. would also be formed in the New Year. Members of this squadron already in this country are now receiving intensive training. (Wide World Photographs.)



THE FORMATION OF THE SECOND AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE: A GROUP OF STALWART RECRUITS PHOTOGRAPHED SHORTLY AFTER BEING ISSUED WITH RIFLES AND WEBB EQUIPMENT FOR PRELIMINARY TRAINING.

a week I drove out on the Saint-Quentin road, left my car in the shelter of big woodlands below Villers-Bretonneux, and tramped a section of the French front line, or the Australian, or both.

It was a pleasant task, that of keeping touch between two such fine formations as the French 37th Colonial Division and the Australian divisions which held the sector to north of it in turn. What struck me first of all about the Australian soldier in the front line was the extent of his stock of common sense. The men of a new battalion coming in seemed to adapt themselves immediately to their surroundings,

and to know both defences and scheme of defence as intimately as if they had been there for a week. At first we were troubled by intense mustard-gas bombardments, which caused a fair number of casualties; but later, as German stocks of this form of shell ran short and were

not renewed, because required for the offensives further south, the front became very quiet. Quiet it remained, till we ourselves disturbed it by the great offensive of August 8. In these circumstances the Australian made himself comfortable. Villers-Bretonneux had been a fairly prosperous little place, and its prosperity had been exemplified by the number of pianos in the larger houses. Several of these had been transported to nearby dug-outs. At the point of junction between the Allies there was an Australian company headquarters, from which sounds of music generally greeted me as I came along the trench. Inside there was to be found a mixed company of French and Australian officers, and more than once my entry disturbed a game of poker. Sitting on the fire-step outside would be an inter-allied sentry group, lean Australians and shorter but thick-set French Zouaves. Zouaves are, despite an ingrained British belief to the contrary, Frenchmen. The 37th Division was one of the last in the French Army of the old pattern, with two brigades each consisting of two regiments, and we had two regiments of Zouaves and two of native Algerian *Tirailleurs*. It was impressed upon me by some pundits on both sides that it would never do to put the *Tirailleurs* beside the Australians, who, as a result of Egyptian experience, were said to be as much averse to North Africans as some women are to cats. Having had a good look at the *Tirailleurs* and learnt something of their record, I thought that these apprehensions were exaggerated. So it proved; for in the course of the summer we were reduced to the three regiments normal in French divisions, and then the *Tirailleurs* had to take their turn with the Zouaves next to the Australians. The latter learnt to respect the keen and soldierly Algerians, though naturally there was not the same comradeship as between Australians and French.

In the course of these months I had a unique opportunity of watching the Australian military machine at close quarters. From rear to front it was efficient without rigidity. The orders were models of their kind—and, indeed, since then my old chief, Brig-General Sir James Edmonds, the military historian of the war, has taken them as models. I hear that to-day the Military Academy of Duntroon is turning out staff officers better instructed than ever. The troops were full of initiative. They moved like cats in the dark, and their "silent" raids, without all the fuss of time-tables and artillery barrages, were deadly in their effect. "No Man's Land" was their private park, and any German who entered it was a trespasser, only too happy if for once he avoided the keeper's eye. A steady trickle of German prisoners kept us fully aware of the enemy's dispositions, intentions and habits. A British general whose division was in reserve once came and asked me how the Australians did it.

His own men were very fine troops and had brought off some of the best raids of the whole war, but never successfully one of these silent and generally almost bloodless pounces. The key to his problem lay in the fact that in a new and expanding country men's minds are less conventional and less apt to run in ruts than in older lands. That is a priceless asset in modern warfare, but it does not suffice to make a first-class all-round soldier, unless he can also carry out the big, carefully prepared operation according to plan. The Australians were as efficient in the great set battles as in the midnight raids.

"AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE!" THE MEN AND THE ARMS OF THE SECOND A.I.F.



AUSTRALIA PREPARES TO PLAY HER PART IN THE WAR AGAINST NAZI-ISM: MEN LINING UP AT A RECRUITING OFFICE AT VICTORIA BARRACKS, SYDNEY. RECRUITING FOR THE SECOND A.I.F. IS NOW COMPLETE. (A.P.)



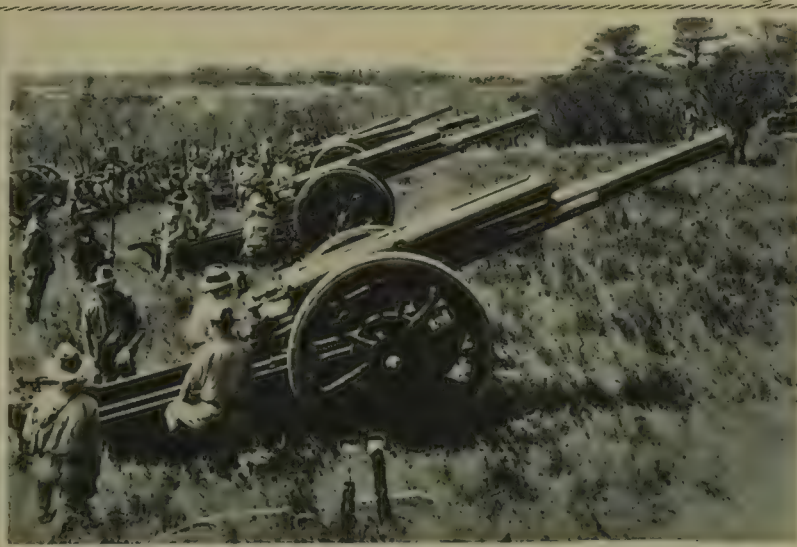
MEN OF AN AUSTRALIAN SCOTTISH REGIMENT ALL READY TO ENTRAIN FOR CAMP NEAR SYDNEY. AUSTRALIAN, LIKE CANADIAN SCOTTISH UNITS, PROVIDE A SPECIALLY CLOSE LINK WITH THE OLD COUNTRY. (A.P.)



THE VETERANS ON THE MARCH: OLDER MEN WHO SERVED IN THE FIRST A.I.F. WHOSE RE-EMBODIMENT NOW PERMITS THE RELEASE OF YOUNGER MEN FOR THE FIGHTING LINE, ON PARADE IN MELBOURNE, IN THEIR FAMILIAR "DIGGER" HATS. (Topical.)



AUSTRALIAN MILITARY TRAINING IS ABSOLUTELY UP-TO-DATE. HERE A RECENT TYPE OF BRITISH TANK HAS RUN UPON A MACHINE-GUN NEST DURING FIELD EXERCISES. (A.P.)



FIGHTING EFFICIENCY WITHOUT FUSS OR SHOWINESS WAS EVER THE CHARACTERISTIC OF AUSTRALIAN UNITS. HERE HIGH-VELOCITY FIELD GUNS ARE SEEN ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE ON THE RANGES. (C.P.)

Recruiting of the Second Australian Imperial Force, the Sixth Division, was recently announced to be complete. The establishment of this division will probably be between 15,000 and 18,000—a figure that is in accord with modern ideas of divisions of lower man-power, but higher fire-power and mobility, provided by quick-firing weapons and mechanisation. Ample reserves are also permitted by this figure. The Australian Minister for the Army estimates that by the end of June 100,000 men will have received intensive training. The

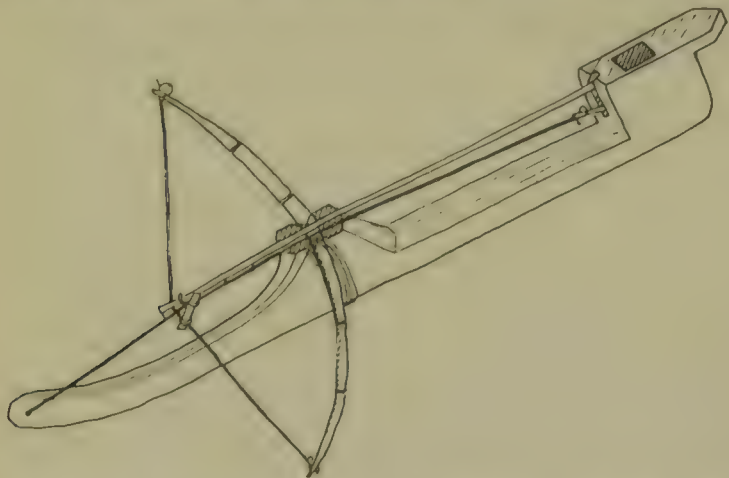
formation of the A.I.F. has been eagerly watched in Australia, any backwardness in joining up being apparently due to uncertainty whether it would be going abroad. Service abroad has proved a "bull-point" for recruiting. An example of the enthusiasm the A.I.F. evokes was afforded by a parade of the South Australian section, including many men from the far north and Central Australia, in Adelaide on December 16, when there was the greatest difficulty in preventing cheering crowds from upsetting the march.

THE CHARM OF THE ABORIGINAL.

"THE BAIGA": By VERRIER ELWIN.*

An appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WE are all familiar with those lists of acknowledgments in prefaces and forewords to works of scholarship. The author thanks for their invaluable help Lieut.-General Sir A. Gladstone Bagg, Colonel and Mrs. Portmanteau, the Librarian of Bookworm, Miss Information, "and last, but not least, to my wife, without whose invaluable help this book would never have been finished." There



AN INGENIOUS CROSS-BOW RAT-TRAP USED BY THE BAIGA OF CENTRAL INDIA. THE RAT ENTERS THE LITTLE HOLE AND ITS WEIGHT RELEASES THE "ARROW" WHICH PIERCES THE BODY. THE TRAP IS THREE FEET LONG.

is a fresher and less formal touch in the preface to Mr. Verrier Elwin's new volume about the Baigas of the Central Provinces. "I cannot name them all," he says, "but at least I must not forget my *mahāprasād* Mahatu (my 'family magician,' a great adept, though his love-charms are faulty). . . . Pachlu, 'the professional savage' of Jholar; Rawan, the great hunter of Bilaspur; Lahakat, the Don Juan of Amadob; Dasseru, dreamer of strange dreams; the mild and gentle Ketu; Yogi Dewar, the Mutiny veteran, whom I have not yet seen sober; the many-husbanded Mahi, a perfect 'Cockney' type, coarse and irresistible; the old and knowledgeable Baisakin and her co-wife Malho, just a little jealous; and the children, Phagni and Gondin, Mangli and Bhairi, Goru and Jhingra."

I am not quoting these as an example to authors generally; such candour, regarding friends nearer home, might lead to trouble. But it is an indication of the character of Mr. Elwin's book. It is as solid an anthropological work, with exhaustive accounts of economics and law, custom and myth, dreams, dances, songs and folklore, as could be wished. But instead of studying his people from the outside as curious survivals, he has lived with them and treated them as friends and collaborators. They are a small tribe, descendants of people who were in India long before the Aryan Hindus arrived. There are about 30,000 of them, living on game, fish, fruit, roots and what crops they can grow under the forbidden *bewar* system—burning trees down and raising crops from the ash. Mr. Elwin has lived among them for six years, running a school, a dispensary and a leper colony. His daily life he has described in another book; here he tabulates the results of his anthropological observations, but in a lively, humorous and humane way, not the least interesting and unorthodox pages being those which he fills with a number of confidential autobiographies dictated by Baiga friends of both sexes.

It is impossible even to summarise the account given here of the Baigas' life-cycle. Loose they are by Western standards and their Table of Affinities is not ours. But their poverty does not prevent them from taking loving and losing lightly, like everything else, and they seem devoid of cruelty. Murder, I think, is not mentioned; other offences are judged in a Samuel Butlerian way. They are a proud people: "There is no penalty for inflicting hurt, even grievous hurt, on someone else; there is a severe penalty for letting someone else inflict hurt or grievous hurt on you." "No penalty attaches to a beating by an Englishman, 'for we are the wives of the English, and so he has a right to beat us.'" The punishment for most offences involves what Mr. Elwin calls "drinks all round." Drink looms large in their lives as an escape and a stimulus. "When our mouth is full of liquor," says Ketu, "we talk like kings. But when it is empty we remember the money we had to borrow to pay for it." The chapters on magic are extremely interesting reading; fantastic, but seldom gruesome. Here, as in the chapters about Death and the Soul, Mr. Elwin's ability to convey the Baiga as real people is especially evident.

The traditional dances of the Baiga appear simple but agreeable, free from the frenetic horrors of so many primitive dances. Their songs in translation are what might be expected. It is extremely rare to find a poet good enough to translate from the French; Heine has never been well translated yet, though A. E. Housman might have done it; all sorts of nuances of meaning and rhythm are lost when such things as the Baiga songs are translated. If a learned Baiga translated Burns's

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly blown in spring,

it would probably appear as—

The maiden of my choice is like a scarlet rose
Which has just come out at the right time—

which isn't quite the same thing. So one knows not what may have been lost in Mr. Elwin's numerous renderings from the Baiga. The raw material of lyric is obviously there; for example:

A little bird is flying round her head,
Its wings fall over her eyes.
"Look! Look! and see," her lover said.
But she replied, "In the dark how can I see?
Where can I find a lamp?
Where can I find a wick?
Where can I find the oil?"
"I will give you a golden lamp.
I will give you a silver wick.
I will give you *arsi* oil."

and—

O girl, you torment me, you are so deceiving!
And you stand there beautiful as the moon.
Yet as a deer is snared and killed,
So will I snare you, for I have caught a
thousand so—

which may perhaps have been composed by Lahakat, the Don Juan of Amadob. But translation evens all out; and if one had been told that this was from the Serbian, one would have known no better. But feeling and wits are there, which will be lost the way that they appear to be going, tidied up.

if these tribes go
bullied, used, and

The Baiga are not, says Mr. Elwin, beautiful to the eye. But, in his many and excellent photographs, their movements seem graceful and they have the most delightfully frank smiles—or, rather, grins. But this peaceable, innocent, childlike, amusing folk is threatened by mechanical administration and all the corruptions of progress. They are not, at present, so badly off as their neighbours, the Gonds, of whom it is said: "The life has gone from many villages. Child-marriages have started, untouchables are despised, in some villages the women have lost much of their freedom. At the very moment when India is rousing herself to banish these things from her borders, they are being introduced into her remoter areas where they have not been known hitherto." The jungle Baiga are still "vigorous, independent, happy," and "tribal life and organisation still retains its old vitality." But go to a semi-civilised village of Binjhar, in Balaghat, Mandla or Nivas. The people might belong to another race. Servile obsequious, timid, of poor physique, their tribal life is all to pieces. Parts of it, like the right to hunt and practise *bewar*, have been torn out by the roots. Some of their simple and

innocent dances, under Hindu influence, have been given up. The souls of the people are soiled and grimy with the dust of passing motor-buses. In the village, you are in the midst not of a living community, but of a collection of isolated units. Tribal life and tradition appear slightly ludicrous, even to the tribesmen themselves. And once that point is reached, there is no hope for the tribe.

Mr. Elwin—and Professor Hutton (who did India memorable service) agrees with him—says that "The first necessity is the establishment of a sort of National Park, in which not only the Baiga, but the thousands of simple Gond in their neighbourhood might take refuge." The area should be under a Tribes Commissioner: "non-aboriginals should be required to take out licences; the scores of vagabond adventurers that wander through the country should be removed, and others only licensed on condition of their behaving properly towards the aboriginals." It isn't that he desires an "Anthropological Zoo," or that he "wishes to keep primitive people 'as they were' as materials for his research."

But the anthropologist "who has come to know and love the people he has studied will naturally desire the best for them." For the Baiga, they should be helped market their produce, given craft and not literary education, spared from external law and lawyers, be given back the freedom of the forest, and rescued from the tyranny of subordinate officials, who enslave and rob them as they like. They were the original owners of the land, and (as Colonel Bloomfield remarked sixty years ago) for untold generations "they have managed their own affairs without the aid of judge, jury, police or any Government officials." Perhaps the plea would be more likely to be listened to if the scientists said they *did* want an Anthropological Museum. That sounds more important than the welfare of a few forest folk.



THE BAIGA'S CEREMONIOUS SALUTATIONS: A SON GREETING A FATHER BY TOUCHING HIS FEET (ABOVE; LEFT); AND THE FATHER RETURNING THE GREETING (BELOW); AND TWO FRIENDS GREETING EACH OTHER.

The father greets the son by touching him lightly under the chin, making a slight clucking noise with his tongue. There are special forms of greeting used between brothers, between son-in-law and mother-in-law, and between mother and daughter.

Reproductions from "The Baiga"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Murray.

* "The Baiga." By Verrier Elwin. With a Foreword by J. H. Hutton, C.I.E., D.Sc., Professor of Social Anthropology in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated. (John Murray; 30s.)

BAIGA LIFE: A DOCTOR'S "SWING"; A MARRIAGE ELEPHANT; AND HOPSCOTCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "THE BAIGA" (REVIEWED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE); BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. JOHN MURRAY.



A BAIGA DOCTOR'S "SWING"—WHERE, SWINGING FRENZIEDLY, THE PANDA DIAGNOSES.

The Baiga doctor is always a magician (a *panda* or *gunia*), since disease almost invariably has a supernatural cause, resulting either from witchcraft or unseen spirits. In the method of diagnosis illustrated here, the *panda*, visited by the god, swings violently on the *jhila* and, in high religious exaltation, pronounces on the disease.



SHAKING OUT THE CATCH FROM THE BISSERA BAMBOO FISH-TRAP—THE BAIGA ALSO FISH WITH A LINE.

Fishing is popular with the Baiga, though not much fish worth eating swim in the mountain streams. The *bissera*—one of several fish-traps—is wedged beneath the surface; and the force of the current drives the fish into its mouth. As they go to and fro in the water the Baiga sing rather charming little songs.



WITH WINNOWING-FANS AS EARS—THE MARRIAGE ELEPHANT ON WHICH THE BRIDE'S BROTHER RIDES FORTH IN THE PROTRACTED YET RIOTOUS BAIGA WEDDING CEREMONY.



BAIGA CHILDREN AT PLAY: THE KUKUR-BILAI, OR CAT-AND-DOG GAME—SIMILAR TO MANY AN ENGLISH GAME; THE DOG (OUTSIDE AND HINDERED BY THE CIRCLE) HAS TO CATCH THE CAT.



BAIGA GAMES WHICH HAVE A FAMILIAR LOOK TO WESTERN EYES: (LEFT) THE PHUGRI-PHU, A FORM OF HOPSCOTCH IN WHICH YOU HOP, SQUATTING AND SINGING, AS FAR AS YOU CAN; AND PLAYING WITH THE GHADLI, A KIND OF WHEELED TOY OFTEN SEEN IN LONDON PARKS.

Not the least interesting chapter in Mr. Elwin's fascinating book is that on children's games. Children play similar games the world over, and the Baiga are no exception. Thus, besides those illustrated here, they play *Luka-Puka*, or hide-and-seek; *Dāndati-bha-rāti*, a sort of Oranges and Lemons, where, instead of "Oranges and Lemons," say the bells of St. Clement's . . . "Dāndati-bha-rāti tōdi ai bāsuri"



PREPARING THE MARRIAGE ELEPHANT (SEE ABOVE)—A PROCESS CARRIED OUT AT DAWN, THE NUPTIALS HAVING CONTINUED, UNTIRINGLY, SINCE THE PREVIOUS MORNING.

On the elephant, made out of three cots, straw, and baskets, the bride's brother rides out to meet the bridegroom's procession amid wild rejoicing. Later, "the elephant was put in a corner, and someone gave it a little liquor to drink and removed its left ear" (a winnowing-fan). Drinking, dancing, drumming, and singing play their often riotous and ribald part in the elaborate marriage ceremony, a "red-letter day in a Baiga's life."



is sung; while *Nawan-goti* and *Chango-khel* are forms of Hunt the Slipper—or pebble, in the Baiga version. Another game is *Ghar-Gundia*, or Houses. As would be expected, however, environment has developed definite characteristic games, such as the complex *Kanda-khel* in which a "husband" and "wife" plant roots in their garden. The roots are personified by other children.

MAKING CANDLES—MUCH IN DEMAND FOR A "BLACK-OUT"



THE CANDLE-MAKER'S CRAFT—ESSENTIALLY UNCHANGED IN 2000 YEARS: FIXING THE WICKS, SPECIALLY TREATED PLAITED COTTON STRANDS, ON TO A HOOP; BEESWAX IS THEN POURED ON, AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



"ROLLING" THE HAND-MADE BEESWAX CANDLES TO GIVE THEM THEIR SMOOTH SURFACE ON WOODEN BOARDS WHICH HAVE BEEN IN USE FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. THE ROLLING "TOOL" IS A MARBLE SLAB.



MECHANICAL CANDLE-MAKING—THE CANDLE-MOULDING MACHINE. WAX (NOT BEESWAX, BUT PARAFFIN-WAX), MIXED WITH STEARINE, IS POURED FROM THE PAIL, OR "JACK," A HANDLE IS TURNED, AND UP SHOOT 360 CANDLES.



PROVING THAT THE FINISHED ARTICLE (MECHANICALLY OR HAND-MADE) BURNS SATISFACTORILY; ONE FROM EACH PACKING BEING THUS TESTED. CANDLES WERE ONCE USED AS CLOCKS, EACH HAVING ITS OWN BURNING TIME.

At Christmas-time, candles come into their own; in a "black-out" Christmas the demand on the candle-makers is likely to be intensified. Some elements of this 2000-year-old craft remain unchanged to-day; but mechanisation must have its say, and moulding machines of the continuous wicking type were brought in just over a hundred years ago. Such machines will now turn out 80 to 512 candles at one charge, the output being from two to three

charges an hour. The ordinary commercial types of candle are, mostly made of paraffin-wax mixed with "stearine"—more properly, stearic acid. Stearine is the chief ingredient of such substances as suet and tallow. Solid fats, palm-oil, tallow, and bone-fat are "split" into fatty acids and glycerine. The glycerine must be removed, for it gives rise to acrid vapours such as arise when a tallow candle is allowed to smoulder. Church candles, however,

CHRISTMAS: THE ANCIENT CRAFT; AND MASS-PRODUCTION.



THE CANDLE-MAKER'S CRAFT: POURING THE BEESWAX DOWN THE WICKS, THE SURPLUS DRIPPING INTO THE PANS BENEATH. THE METHOD OF ATTACHING THE WICKS TO THE HOOP IS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE—THE WHOLE CRAFT BEING ESSENTIALLY THE SAME AS IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.

are made of beeswax; for mystical reasons the Roman Church prescribes beeswax candles for Mass and other liturgical functions. The dipping process, by which tallow candles are manufactured, is unsuitable for the beeswax type, because beeswax contracts on cooling and is liable to stick. Recourse is had to the age-old method of "pouring" the melted wax over a suspended wick until the right thickness is reached, as is being done in some of these

photographs. The candle is then rolled on a marble slab to impart uniformity of finish. The difference in these two processes is oddly illustrated by the existence of two Livery Companies in the City of London, the Tallow Chandlers and the Wax Chandlers. Christmas candles and birthday candles, however, are made by the same process as tapers, by drawing long strands of cotton yarn repeatedly through a bath of molten wax. (Photographs by Pictorial Press.)

"TREASURY OF ATREUS" DISCOVERIES: THE GENIUS OF A

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR A. J. H. WACE, M.A., F.S.A.



CONSTRUCTED C. 1350 B.C. BY "A NAMELESS MASTER OF THE BRONZE AGE, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT ARCHITECTS." THE FACADE OF THE "TREASURY OF ATREUS," WHICH PROFESSOR WACE HAS RE-EXPLORED, SHOWING THE DOOR AND THE ENTRANCE PASSAGE, OR DROMOS.

In our previous issue Dr. Wace described important discoveries made within and immediately outside the Bronze Age citadel of Mycenae, including the loveliest Mycenaean ivory ever found in Greece. In the following continuation the greatest archaeological authority on the Mycenaean remains expatiates on the important new historical data revealed by further excavations undertaken by the British School last summer at the so-called "Treasury," or Tomb, of Atreus, the father of Agamemnon. The builder of the "Treasury," he declares, "deserves to be ranked with the great architects of the world, as a designer and as a structural engineer." The incidental finds included pre-Hellenic pottery, the first important group of houses found at Mycenae outside the citadel walls, and two poros blocks bearing mason's marks in the Minoan script, thus being the first occasion on which such marks have come to light on the Greek Mainland.



THE TRIPLE STRUCTURE OF THE NORTHERN DROMOS WALL: A FACING OF LARGE BLOCKS, MAINLY HAMMER-DRESSED (SEEN AT BACK), BACKED BY ROUGH STONES, BEING IN TURN SUPPORTED BY CRUDE YELLOW BRICKS.

Increase in thickness towards the facade—a perfectly natural feature, since they themselves grow gradually taller as they approach the facade and also have to support some thrust from the facade of the tomb. Such methods are entirely consistent with the practice of Mycenaean architects, whose constant aim was strength. About ten metres from the facade on either side, north and south, retaining walls, roughly but stoutly built, run obliquely up the hill to hold up the mass of earth that covers the dome from the level where it emerges from the round cutting in the rock in which it is constructed. Inside and above this wall is a layer of powdered and chipped rock of varying thickness, which also contains fragments of conglomerate, some of which come from sawn blocks.

This layer clearly represents the material dug out when the rock was being hewn into to build the tomb, and the conglomerate chips come from the dressing of the conglomerate blocks of which the tomb is constructed throughout. In other words, this layer is contemporary with the erection of the tomb, and its uniformity both at the sides of the dromos and round the base of the dome shows that dome and dromos were built together as part of one plan.

About ten metres also from the facade on either side, north and south, this layer of powdered rock runs under the clay brick which backs the dromos walls, and it also overlies a large deposit of broken pottery, animal bones, shells, fragments of painted stucco and terra-cotta figurines in a dip in the rock, forming a kind of *boleros*. This runs under the limestone backing of the dromos walls and was clearly cut through when the excavation for the dromos and dome was made. It is obvious, therefore, that

(Continued below.)



A MASON'S MARK OF C. 1500 B.C.—THE FIRST FOUND ON THE GREEK MAINLAND—IN THE MAINLAND VERSION OF MINOAN SCRIPT: A POROS BLOCK APPARENTLY BELONGING TO SOME MONUMENTAL WALL.

this deposit ante-dates the building of the tomb. The bulk of the pottery, like that from a somewhat similar deposit found in a pocket of the rock a little distance north of the "Treasury of Atreus" in 1921, dates between 1450 and 1350 B.C. Another smaller deposit of the same kind and date was found to the north of the dome of the "Treasury," and in connection with two earlier walls underneath the layer of powdered rock and above the retaining wall. The homogeneity of these deposits and their relationship to the dromos, and the layer of powdered rock thrown out when the excavation for the tomb was being made, indicate that the tomb cannot be earlier than 1350 B.C. The evidence is not that of a handful of potsherds, but of several thousand fragments, and the date of the pottery agrees with that of the stucco and of the terra-cotta figurines.

This *boleros* deposit was presumably a dump of rubbish from houses higher up the hill than the tomb, because the animal bones are principally those of domestic animals—sheep, ox, pig—and split for the extraction of the marrow. The shells are mostly oyster or mussel shells, and much of the broken pottery consists of rough cooking and

(Continued opposite.)

BRONZE-AGE MASTER-BUILDER; MASON'S MARKS OF 1500 B.C.

DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH EXCAVATIONS AT MYCENAE, 1939.



A VASE (AMPHORA) FROM THE SAME UNDERLYING DEPOSIT AS THE MUG, DATED C. 1400 B.C., THUS ANTE-DATING THE BUILDING OF THE TOMB.

wanted out of their way. Probably more such blocks would be found if the whole line of the retaining wall could be cleared. The poros blocks which form the low wall across the mouth of the dromos on the east are of the same character, as also three triangular poros blocks which have been lying for years at the entrance to the dromos and were presumably found somewhere near. These poros blocks are of two types: (a) large blocks triangular in section, like coping-blocks; (b) smaller blocks roughly trapezoidal in plan, with one dressed face and on the top inside a sinking for a ramp. The cutting is remarkably fresh and shows that they cannot have been in use for very long. The trapezoidal blocks probably came from the faces of a thick wall with a core of small stones and clay, and the whole would then have had the triangular blocks as a coping. They apparently belonged to some monumental wall destroyed when the "Treasury of Atreus" was built. It was such a wall, perhaps, as that of the court of Odysseus' palace, which Homer describes as built with a coping.

A wall like this might have formed part of one of the large houses which we now know stood on the hill above the "Treasury," and we know, too, that on the north side one earlier building at least was removed to make way for the tomb, as shown by the walls mentioned underneath the layer of powdered rock. A study of the structural development of the beehive tombs shows that the age of poros at Mycenae coincided with the second group of tombs, which may be dated roughly between 1470 and 1400 B.C. The poros used in those tombs is the same as that of the blocks we found, and comes from quarries at Priglitani, half an hour's walk south of Mycenae, where there is a Mycenaean settlement with an extensive cemetery.

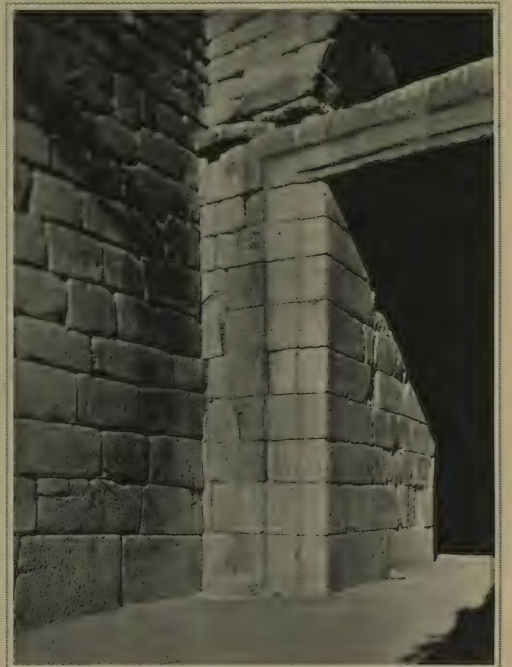
A building of poros would thus probably belong to the fifteenth century, and would still have been new when it was removed to make way for the "Treasury" after 1350 B.C. The existence and destruction of such a poros building of the fifteenth century confirms the fourteenth-century date obtained for the tomb. In searching the walls of the terrace in front of the entrance of the dromos we found three other poros blocks of slightly different shape, two of which bear mason's marks in the Mainland version of the Minoan script. This is the first time that such mason's marks have been found on the Greek Mainland.

Though our work has yielded much valuable new information about the "Treasury of Atreus," our investigation of it is not finished, but must be continued when time and means allow. The tomb is one of the most important monuments of Greek architecture, and we are now beginning to understand it. It can be studied properly only by constant and detailed examination on the spot, and therefore suggestions about its construction made by archaeologists not thoroughly familiar with the monument itself may be disregarded. One such suggestion is that the dromos was originally wider, and that the walls were moved inwards. We have proved that the dromos can never have been wider, for the walls are built directly against the rock, and as we moving them, the idea that the Mycenaeans could take down and re-erect about a thousand cubic metres of such masonry merely to move it a few centimetres cannot be taken seriously.

The "Treasury of Atreus" is obviously the creation of one mind, and plan and construction directed by one architect. The more the actual structure is studied, the more his ability is apparent, in design, in construction, in calculations of thrusts and stresses and the methods required to counteract them. He clearly was not the first to build a beehive tomb, but had profited by the century-long experience of his predecessors. In any case, this nameless master of the Bronze Age deserves to be ranked with the great architects of the world, as a designer and as a structural engineer.

(Continued.) other domestic vessels. We accordingly dug trial trenches on the flat top of the ridge. Here we found well-built Mycenaean walls and with them pottery contemporary with, and also later than, that from the *boleros* behind the dromos walls. One or two fragments of stone vases, and a small gold band found with them, suggest that the ridge above the tomb was a residential quarter of some importance. This needs full investigation, for it is the first important group of houses found at Mycenae outside the citadel wall.

In clearing the face of the oblique retaining walls, north and south of the dome, we found outside and below them about fifty well-cut blocks of poros (soft limestone) which were lying in tumbled heaps, just as if they had been thrown down the hill and over the edge of the retaining wall as useless material which the builders of the tomb would be found if the whole line of the retaining wall could be cleared. The poros blocks which form the low wall across the mouth of the dromos on the east are of the same character, as also three triangular poros blocks which have been lying for years at the entrance to the dromos and were presumably found somewhere near. These poros blocks are of two types: (a) large blocks triangular in section, like coping-blocks; (b) smaller blocks roughly trapezoidal in plan, with one dressed face and on the top inside a sinking for a ramp. The cutting is remarkably fresh and shows that they cannot have been in use for very long. The trapezoidal blocks probably came from the faces of a thick wall with a core of small stones and clay, and the whole would then have had the triangular blocks as a coping. They apparently belonged to some monumental wall destroyed when the "Treasury of Atreus" was built. It was such a wall, perhaps, as that of the court of Odysseus' palace, which Homer describes as built with a coping.



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT MONUMENTS OF GREEK ARCHITECTURE—"OBVIOUSLY THE CREATION OF ONE MIND"—WITH WALLS BUILT DIRECTLY AGAINST THE ROCK: THE DOOR AND SOUTH WALL OF THE DROMOS OF THE "TREASURY OF ATREUS."



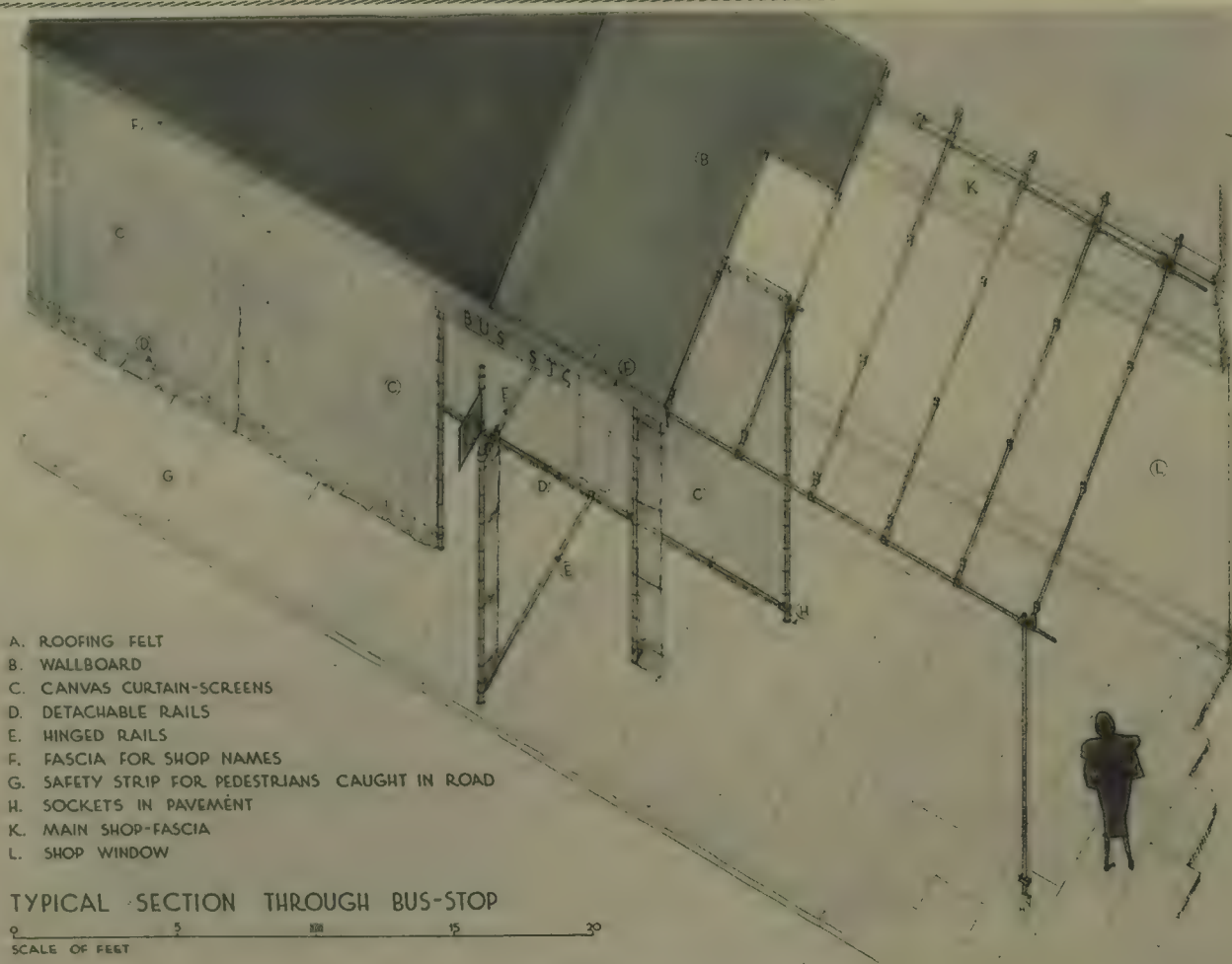
THE MASSIVENESS OF MYCENAEAN BUILDING: THE BACK OF THE SOUTHERN DROMOS WALL, SHOWING, AGAIN, THE DRESSED BLOCKS (SEEN AT BACK) BACKED WITH THICKNESSES OF ROUGH STONES AND YELLOW CLAY BRICKS (EXTREME LEFT).

PAVEMENT ARCADES FOR BLACK-OUT SHOPPERS—AN INGENUOUS PROPOSAL.



AN ARCADE OF THE TYPE PROPOSED FOR OXFORD STREET—BY DAY: THE CANVAS FRONTS BEING DRAWN BACK—THE ROOF, HOWEVER, REMAINING AS A SHELTER.

SHOPPERS and shop-gazers alike—particularly during the Christmas season—will be interested in this scheme which, while obscuring all light from possible aerial raiders, proposes to do away with one of the major black-out annoyances: that of darkened windows in which, at a comparatively early hour of the afternoon, tempting goods lie hidden from view. The roof of the arcade "would," to quote Mr. Donald Hamilton, the architect who originated the scheme, "be fixed in position for the duration . . . the front would be heavy canvas screens . . . drawn back during the day and closed at night." As London's most important shopping centre, the north side of Oxford Street, from Marble Arch to Tottenham Court Road, has been suggested for the experiment. A large number of traders, including owners of empty shops, have agreed to bear their share of the cost, which, it is estimated, would be about £4 per foot of run frontage. Besides making evening shopping easier—and, incidentally, daylight shopping drier on rainy days—the arcade would prevent people from stepping off the pavement into the road and so getting run over. The scheme has been submitted to Marylebone Borough Council (which views it favourably) and awaits a Home Office decision.



A CROSS SECTION OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PAVEMENT ARCADE WHICH, BY ENCLOSING THE PAVEMENT, WOULD ALLOW SHOP WINDOWS TO BE LIGHTED IN THE BLACK-OUT: THE EXIT AND ENTRANCE TO A BUS STOP, AND THE EXTERNAL SAFETY STRIP FOR PEDESTRIANS STEPPING OFF THE ROAD.



A PAVEMENT ARCADE BY NIGHT—A CONTINUOUS COVERED "MARKET" WHERE SHOPPING COULD GO ON IN THE BLACK-OUT—THE SHOP-WINDOWS LIGHTED BUT INVISIBLE FROM WITHOUT: A GRATEFUL THOUGHT AT CHRISTMASTIDE! THE SCHEME, IF APPROVED, WILL FIRST BE TRIED BETWEEN MARBLE ARCH AND ST. GILES'S CIRCUS.

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The World of the Kinema.

By IVOR BROWN.

CLOWNS AND CHILDREN.

JUST before Christmas the Central London kinemas were offering plenty of fun, and that, of course, means that the fun will soon spread outwards and be general. The Marx Brothers were on view in "At the Circus," and George Formby in "Come On, George." There could be no greater contrast of film personality and method than that between the ferocious attack of Groucho Marx and the sly, shy, bashful fun of George Formby. The latter in his film, a horse-racing matter, has to ride some masterful horse: here is the comedy of the incompetent on the untamable. Groucho, in all his films, is as masterful and untamable as any horse, bull or dragon that ever snorted and stamped and blew fire from its nostrils. I first saw him in a film where he was called Captain Spalding: there he looked, in all but his majestic moustaches, like a dilapidated tobacconist, the man behind the kiosk. But what a spirit had, in reality, this Captain Spalding, the explorer! Here was a man to pile Everest on Ararat and both on Mae West.

It is a fairly general opinion that the Marx Brothers are less effective in their new big "production" pictures than in the humbler affairs in which they were captain, boatswain, and crew combined. However that may be, whether clowning at the opera, the races, or, as now, at the circus, they can be relied upon to produce half-a-dozen sequences of purest moonshine, crazy genius of most lustrous invention. Perhaps their mistake was to start too well; there is many a young scholar who has marred his subsequent career by collaring all the prizes at seventeen. You must leave yourself something to achieve in life. That is not suggested as a boy's retort to indignant parents after a low place in form and a bad report. But there are limits to the advantages of being an infant prodigy.

George Formby was never that. His trouble was to be the son of a famous father. (I take it that George Formby, film-star, is the same lad that I used to see in the music-halls labelled George Formby, Junior, and not another and very similar fellow of that ilk.) It is a dreadfully difficult thing for the son to enter a profession in which his father has been "top of the bill." Whether it be in politics, science, sport, or clowning, the world will welcome the youngster; and then unkindly nod a disparaging head behind that youngster's back. It will be

"The Under-Pup." Miss Gloria is "school of Shirley Temple," but there is no need to make comparisons. She has a pleasant personality, a striking soprano, and can smile her way through sentimental passages with a natural, chubby sort of ease. I had some apprehension, after reading about this picture, lest I might emerge feeling distinctly bilious. But I came out with an appetite for normal refreshment and even for seeing Little Gloria's next effort, especially if the girl who played second to her as Janet the Poor Little Rich Girl is also in the cast. Both in personality and performance she seemed to me to be Gloria's equal at least. But doubtless she has not got that striking soprano and cannot rival Gloria in "piping songs of innocence."

That would not worry me. I cannot see that a picture about a poor girl of New York who gets taken to a rich girl's country camp is improved by being held up while the said poor girl sings, for no discoverable reason, about the woes of Annie Laurie, and that in a full Scots accent, with plenty of "lay-me-down and dee" about it. What with trilling irrelevant ballads and falling on her knees to pray with tears, or glycerine, in her eyes, little Miss Gloria is given every possible opportunity to make herself obnoxious. Yet she clears all the fences which the story-teller and producer have set for her, and comes out as a sound, sane, likable child who appeals to our sense of humour instead of merely "vibrating the heart-strings," as Mr. Tappetit would have said.

"The Under-Pup," i.e., Gloria, having won a kind of camp-scholarship with an essay on trees, which ought to have "ploughed" her as an affected little monkey, goes off to the mountains to share the luxurious dormitories, swimming-pools, horse-riding and limitless ice-cream to which, apparently, it is the habit of rich American mothers to banish their daughters for whom they cannot be bothered to provide home or entertainment in the summer vacation. This sun-baked paradise is soon made a corner of hell for little Gloria because of the prevailing snobbery and her own status as a charity-child. But it must be admitted that Gloria did ask for some of her trouble. Was it wise to display so much home-bred virtuosity as a thimble-rigger during a gambling episode at the very start?

Gloria's part is that of a girl who is as tough as she is sweet. She inherits both qualities from her English grandpapa, a fine, cantankerous, golden-hearted codger who is inevitably as well as admirably played by Mr. Aubrey Smith. The toughness is the saving grace: otherwise both film and child would be too sweet for endurance. The point is that Hollywood does understand a thing or two about public taste. It knows, for example, that we want film-children to be real children and not all star-dust. In other words, the first business of an Infant Prodigy to-day is not to be prodigiously infantile.

It is interesting to compare the modern attitude to the child on screen or stage with that of our ancestors. A century and a quarter ago there was a rage for the Infant Prodigy, whose chief example was Master Betty, a boy who reeled off scenes from Shakespeare, to the general admiration, while still a tiny urchin. What the public wanted at the beginning of last century was to see a child do something essentially unchildish, and that taste was continued in the eagerness to hear mere babes marvellously



DEANNA DURBIN, WHO IS SEEN IN A "CINDERELLA" RÔLE IN HER NEW FILM, "FIRST LOVE," AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE: A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE YOUNG STAR WITH THE WONDERFUL SOPRANO VOICE.

Connie (Deanna Durbin) is an orphan living in her uncle and aunt's house, very much a poor relation. At a ball given by rich and handsome Ted Drake (Robert Stack) she is a great success. Ted (the "First Love") kisses her as midnight strikes, when, à la Cinderella, Connie flees home, dropping her slipper on the stairway. All ends happily.

perform at the piano. That the appetite for such precocity was still brisk in 1839 is shown by the picture of the Crummies' troupe and the Infant Phenomenon in "Nicholas Nickleby." It does not matter for us whether the alleged babes of genius were, in fact, of tender years. The significant fact is the desire of the public, then, to see a supposed child being unnaturally, abnormally grown-up.

Our own taste, which is to see the film-child being normally, naturally childish, is surely the healthier. The business of a Gloria Jean is to be a decent specimen of contemporary American child, and that she most competently achieves. Had the public of 1839 been film-goers they would doubtless have insisted on her enacting the rôle of Lady Macbeth before she was six months older.

There are, many idiocies and vulgarities in our own world, as we all know, and Hollywood, in its own way, has managed to add to them. But at least we are not so silly as to encourage children to be unchildish. There were children's theatres in Tudor times in which old men's parts were played by boys because all the parts were played by them, and Ben Jonson wrote an exquisite epitaph on little Salathiel Pavy, who specialised in these elderly rôles. But such practices were a habit, not "a stunt." Master Pavy was an actor, not an advertised Phenomenon. And so are the new child-stars of Hollywood. Miss Gloria Jean, in "The Under-Pup," remains, although a star, quite a nice little girl.



"TELEVISION SPY," WHICH OPENED AT THE PLAZA THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, ON DECEMBER 22: GWEN LAWSON (JUDITH BARRETT) INGENUOUSLY REVEALING TO FRIENDS THROUGH A TELEVISOR THAT SHE IS IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE AGENT OF A FOREIGN POWER, AND ASKING FOR POLICE HELP TO BE SENT.

Gwen Lawson, in the clutches of an agent of a foreign Power, so arranges that they appear before a secret televisor; which also picks up her "SOS," written upon the lid of a cigar-box. This "broadcast" is, by chance, picked up by a young inventor giving a demonstration of a new televisor.

said that he has the name but not the flame, that genius often skips a generation, and so on.

George Formby had not only to learn a very difficult art, that of holding the stage with a slight physique and gentle personality (how Formby, Senior, had mastered it!), but he had also to fight his way through the suggestions that he was silly to try to be his father over again. And at first, on "the halls," he was not immense. But he worked his way through and up, and at the moment, I suppose, he is England's Number One male comic of the pictures or shares that high office with Max Miller. "On the distaff side," as they say, Gracie Fields abides our queen. "Come On, George" must be young Formby's motto in life, and he has triumphed on celluloid as on the Turf in his new picture.

For those who want gentler entertainment than the Marx Brothers provide and something with a larger theme than a Formby farce can offer, there will be on general view the new child-prodigy, Gloria Jean, in



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WHY WAR?

By Charles Spencelayh



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By HAROLD NOCKOLDS.

THE Ministry of Transport is certainly doing everything in its power to make motoring in the black-out as safe as possible. The latest move



A HAVEN OF PEACE IN THE COTSWOLDS: CHIPPING CAMPDEN MARKET HALL, BEFORE WHICH STANDS MR. JACK BARCLAY'S BENTLEY, DESIGNED BY HIMSELF.

is to extend the use of white-painted signs on the surface of the road. At present it is surprisingly easy to miss side-turnings out of a wide main road, and to find oneself on top of a cross-roads earlier than one anticipated. These new signs will give motorists that instant's warning which can make all the difference between smooth, calculated driving and a succession of hurried, last-minute decisions. They may make the road look like an algebra teacher's blackboard, but they will have the blessing of those who drive their cars by night.

It was refreshingly like old times to be told by the Humber firm the details of their range of models for 1940. But it also reminded me of the Motor Show that could not be held this year, and of the dislocation of peacetime industry this war is causing.

Actually this step has been wisely taken by the parent firm, Rootes, Ltd., in the interests of their export trade as much as anything, but the home market will also be able to draw on the planned output for its supplies.

The latest Humbers differ from their predecessors in a large number of details, mostly aimed to give the cars a luxury in comfort and appearance which is quite exceptional. The external alterations to the "Sixteen," "Snipe" and "Super Snipe" models consist of a new radiator assembly with a curved front and little modifications here and there to the contours and embellishments; and the addition of a luggage locker enclosed in a smoothly designed "bustle." The amount of luggage space provided in this way is perfectly astounding. There are two features of the locker which are interesting, in that they are in opposition to the accepted pattern, but which have compensating advantages. One is the fact that the

lid hinges at the top and lifts at the bottom, so that it cannot be used as a grid—but makes it easier to load the locker. And the other is the situation of the spare wheel, which is now housed right at the back of the locker—necessitating the removal of any luggage to extricate it. Against this it can be pointed out that the capacity of the locker is sufficient for even an abnormal amount of luggage, and that punctures on the road are rare occurrences nowadays, and are unlikely to happen on the few occasions when

the luggage-locker is full. The "Super Snipe" now has steel disc wheels with large chromium hubs, plated rails along the body-sills instead of running-boards, and extra-large head-lamps. Running-boards have been retained on the "Sixteen" and "Snipe" models.

There are many detail alterations of a technical nature, such as a rearrangement of the auxiliary drives and distributor, and modifications to the cooling, lubrication and suspension, which all serve to give the latest Humbers an even better performance than before, which is saying a good deal.

They range in price from £385 for the "Sixteen" saloon to £825 for the new eight-seater Pullman limousine, and in between there are a variety of body styles on the "Snipe," "Super Snipe," and "Imperial" chassis.



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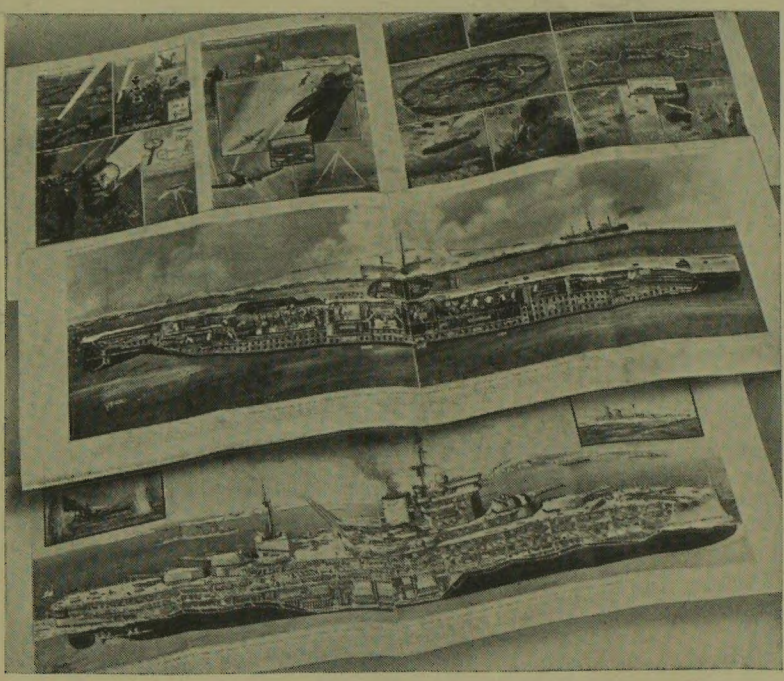
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